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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

NOTES FROM THE ORIENT

THE Parliament of Japan is reported to have defeated the 'Radical Activities Control Bill' for the suppression of 'dangerous thoughts.' According to book dealers and librarians, during the debate there was an unprecedented demand for Radical books of every kind. About a year ago, a professor at the Imperial University was imprisoned for having translated into Japanese some of the works of Prince Kropotkin. Until that time the books of the Russian Radical philosopher reposed peacefully on the shelves of the libraries; but as soon as this professor was imprisoned, the demand for them exceeded the supply. Library statistics show a great increase in the reading of foreign books; and this is accounted for by the fact that the Japanese believe 'dangerous thoughts' come from abroad. Histories of the French Revolution are especially popular.

Osaka Mainichi, one of the leading journals representing the industrial and commercial interests of that city, protests against the shipping-laws in effect or proposed by President Harding's Administration for encouraging the American merchant marine. While Japanese shipowners have recently bought abroad more than two hundred thousand tons of old and superannuated ships, and the fastest Japanese steamer is unable to maintain a speed exceeding seventeen knots an hour, Great Britain and the United States are putting twenty-knot ships in the Pacific service. During times like these, when prices are subject to violent fluctuations, shippers of valuable products, such as raw silk, send their goods to market by the swiftest vessels in the trade. The inclusion of the Philippines within the operation of the American coastal shipping-law, which goes into effect this spring, while it will not engender an international dispute, is an exceeding hardship for Japan. Japan cannot protest, for she observes the same policy with regard to Formosa. However, this provision of the American shipping-laws will involve the United States in constant controversies with the Filipinos, who object to its effect upon the commerce of their country.

Tokyo Asahi says that the Japanese at Tsingtau are mostly determined to return to Japan. Since that country has relinquished control of Shantung, they cannot sell their property. They are holding public meetings and passing

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resolutions protesting against the evacuation. Very similar protests are being made by British residents of Weihaiwei, who are petitioning their Government for compensation for the loss they expect to incur through withdrawal of British control. That town will no longer be a free port after the Chinese resume sovereignty, and its trade is expected to decline. Rather oddly, the British petitioners argue that the withdrawal of Great Britain from Weihaiwei and the Japanese from Shantung will benefit Tsingtau at the expense of the former port, and that the Japanese settlers in Tsingtau will have nothing to complain of from the change of government.

A VLADIVOSTOK correspondent of the *Japan Advertiser* describes the recent reverses of the White Government at Vladivostok as due partly to the superior resources of the Bolsheviki and partly to that Government's loss of popular favor at Vladivostok itself. The well-to-do classes of that city fear a Red invasion, but they have so little faith in the ability of any Conservative Government to resist the Reds successfully that they resent being called upon to give support financially or otherwise to aid it. 'The peasants are far from being Communists, but they have less favor for the Reactionaries than for the Bolsheviki.' This feeling was illustrated recently at the Annual Zemstvo in Vladivostok, when a resolution to support the Government was called up. The peasant delegates declared they could not return home if they ventured to vote for such a resolution. At latest accounts, the Reds are reported to be in control of practically all the territory outside the 'neutral zone' where Japanese garrisons are located, and to have entered that zone at certain points, thereby coming into conflict with Japanese troops.

POLITICS AND THE FARMER IN AUSTRALASIA

AUSTRALASIA'S efforts to settle her returning soldiers upon farms have not been altogether successful, partly because the settlers have been faced by falling prices for their products and a general agricultural crisis precisely at the time when they most needed quick and ample returns from their crops. The New Zealand settlers have asked the Government to relieve them of part of their mortgage liability, but this was promptly refused. Some of these young men work fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, rather than admit failure. Farm wages are very low. Two immigrants at Sidney, both married men, were offered five shillings a week and board. One of them accepted. In fact, wages are reported to be falling rapidly in both New Zealand and Australasia, and Mr. Hughes, the Labor Premier of the Commonwealth, not long ago invited employers and employees to send representatives to a conference to discuss the question of lowering wages and prices. The principal labor organizations refused to attend.

A third or Country Party has recently emerged in Australian political life. It is composed mainly of representatives of country constituencies, and is sometimes described as the 'Farmers' Party' or the 'Progressive Party.' According to reports, its political strength is growing rapidly, and it will soon compete with the Labor Party for primacy in the Commonwealth. At the annual New South Wales elections, which were held under proportional representation, the Labor Party, now in power in that State, seems to have been defeated, largely through the defection of country districts that formerly sent Labor members to Parliament. Labor was handicapped by the prevailing popular discontent over high taxes and

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government extravagance. Public sentiment in Australia has also been aroused against Labor of late by the alleged Communist excesses accompanying the South-African strike.

Queensland has just passed a bill abolishing the Upper House of Parliament, and fear lest this movement spread to the other States of the Commonwealth has created something of a panic among the more conservative residents of Australia. It has even been suggested that the King be petitioned to veto the bill, as he technically has a right to do, since it provides for a change in Queensland's constitution. Although bicameral Parliaments have hitherto existed in New Zealand, Australia, and each of the Australian States, there are single-chamber legislatures in several of the Western provinces of Canada.

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BIG INDUSTRY IN INDIA

A VISITOR often wonders whether the social and political unrest that he finds in Oriental countries is not partly the growing-pains of a new economic era, that must precede, perhaps, the solid political institutions which the more progressive and energetic men of those countries so ardently desire. In Japan, China, and India the growth of the factory system is quite as significant a phenomenon as the growth of political agitation; and the forms that industrial evolution takes in those countries, while they resemble those of Western industry, are not entirely imitative.

Nor is this evolution propelled and guided entirely by Occidentals or Occidental thought. India, for instance, has developed a great industrial family in the Tatas, a firm that dates from the late fifties, whose founder was descended from an old and comparatively poor priestly house. The present firm, still controlled by the lineal descendants of the original proprietor, has promoted and owns the largest iron and steel works — indeed the pioneer works — in India, at Jamshedpur, in a mineral-bearing plateau district one hundred and fifty miles west of Calcutta.

After many initial difficulties, these works, by the opening of the war, were producing daily some five hundred tons of pig iron and sufficient coke for their own consumption, and were making steel. The coke is made in by-product ovens, producing road pitch, sulphate of ammonia for fertilizers, motor spirits, disinfectants, and dyes. During the war these works supplied most of the rails used by the military roads in Mesopotamia and elsewhere in Western Asia. More recently they have been furnishing large quantities of pig iron to steel works in Japan, at prices lower than can be met by our own Southern furnaces, which have shipped some iron to Japan as ballast with cotton cargoes. The same firm developed and owns the largest hydroelectric undertaking in India, which supplies fifty thousand horse power to the city of Bombay. In addition to these enterprises, cement works, silk factories, and other undertakings, Tata Sons also control six cotton-mills in Bombay and vicinity, the larger of which operate more than one hundred thousand spindles and three thousand looms in single establishments.

Another large cotton-firm in Bombay, also founded and controlled by natives, is the Carrimbhoy Company, whose seven mills contain over three hundred thousand spindles and seven thousand looms. This company maintains a Workman's Institute which serves as an educational and welfare centre for the help. These mills also have Works Committees, repres. ting the employees in relations with their managers, that are said to be an extraordinary success.'

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Recently the Indian Legislature passed an Indian Factories Amendment bill embodying the recommendations adopted by the First International Labor Conference held in Washington in 1919. The new Act, which applies to all factories using mechanical power and employing more than twenty people, reduces the hours of labor for adults from seventy to sixty-two per week, with the maximum of twelve hours in any one working-day. The hours of labor for children are fixed at six a day, and the minimum age of child employment is raised from nine to twelve. A return from the Indian cotton-mills made three years ago showed that 268,000 people were employed in them at that time, of whom 198,000 were men, 47,000 women, and 23,000 children.

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AN AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MISSION IN AFRICA

THE *International Review of Missions* publishes an interesting account of the visit of the African Educational Commission, financed and directed by the Phelps-Stokes Fund, to South Africa. This Commission, which also visited tropical Africa, was requested by missionary bodies in America and England to make a survey of the schools for the Black races on that Continent. Some of the Commission's findings are thus summarized in the article in question:—

The treatment, financial and otherwise, accorded to the Native schools by the four South-African provinces is very much a reflex of the attitudes toward the Native peoples as a whole, the Cape Province being undoubtedly the most liberal. The number of Native schools under government supervision or aid in the several provinces, and the amounts spent on Colored and Native education during the year 1918, were as follows: Cape, 2008 schools and 230,489 pounds sterling; Natal, 398 schools and 50,992 pounds sterling; Transvaal, 346 schools and 42,260 pounds sterling; Orange Free State, 125 schools and 4000 pounds sterling. All these provinces differ in administration, curricula, classification of teachers, and so forth, so that it is not possible to speak of a South-African system of Native education.

Almost all the Native schools in South Africa are conducted by mission bodies with financial assistance from the Provincial Governments. In the Cape, however, there are a number of schools, especially in urban areas, controlled by the school boards, while in Natal the Provincial Department of Education conducts fifty Native schools with the help of school committees. There is a growing demand from the Natives for state, as opposed to mission, education.

For the most part, the schools are conducted in the church buildings erected by the Natives, which are, generally speaking, poorly built, ill-lighted and badly ventilated. The tradition of the narrow Gothic church-window of Europe has been imposed upon a country where the climate is tropical, and among a people who, more than most, need ventilation and fresh air. This tradition gains the greater support from the fact that window glass is dear.

Lavatory and sanitary conveniences are almost entirely lacking in the ordinary schools, except in the towns. The children in the schools, almost without exception, wear European clothes; and when, during the war, clothing was so expensive and the authorities were willing to allow the children to come to school in their primitive clothing of skins, the tradition of European clothing for school was so strong that no advantage was taken of the concession.

The system of instruction is based on British tradition and is not easily susceptible of adaptation to the needs of the Natives. The ravages of disease among Natives are terrible, the infant mortality in certain areas reaching the appalling figure of 450 per 1000, yet the study of hygiene and instruction in the rearing of infants are undertaken as a school subject in not more than 15 per cent of the schools. Probably 90 per cent of the pupils who leave the Native schools will have to earn their living with their hands, yet in less than 10 per cent of the schools are trades and manual train-

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ing adequately taught. The majority of the male pupils will work on the land either for themselves or for a European employer; yet there is only one properly equipped agricultural school in the Union, in only one province are gardening and agriculture compulsory subjects, and the education of the bulk of the pupils is fitting them for clerical employment only.

The housing conditions of Natives in urban areas are very bad, and compare unfavorably with housing in America. In only two of the larger cities, Durban and Bloemfontein, has any adequate attempt been made to deal with the question. In others the Natives have been placed in locations or have been allowed to squat upon the town lands, where they have built themselves shacks of wattle and daub, stones, and paraffin tins, which are not only eyesores, but are positive dangers to the morality and health of the Europeans and Natives alike.

With regard to political development, the situation is extremely interesting. In the Cape Province there is no color bar as regards the franchise, and any male Native who can fill up the registration form and who owns property to the value of 75 pounds, or is in receipt of wages of 50 pounds and over, is entitled to the vote for the Union and Provincial Parliament. In the other provinces the Native has neither a vote nor the right to a seat. In three Native territories, however, Glen Grey, the Transkei, and Western Pondoland, there are systems of local self-government by which the Natives tax themselves, expend the money, amounting to well over one hundred thousand pounds in the case of the Transkei, on education, public works, and health, and offer advice to the Union Government on matters affecting Native legislation.

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ITEMS FROM POLAND

Dr. Dillon, who has recently been writing upon Poland, tells the following entertaining story to illustrate the depreciation of the currency when at its worst. It should be observed that this currency is now on a much sounder basis than a few months ago:—

A peasant who resided in the environs of the city was desirous of selling his house, which had little to attract a purchaser. Through a friend, however, he at last received an offer of half a million Polish marks, and, after some hesitation and vain bargaining for more, he closed with it. An oral agreement was come to, between him and the would-be purchaser, that the transaction would be legally completed on a certain day at a notary's office. In the meanwhile, the owner of the house talked the matter over with friends, who knew more than he did about the elusive character of Polish bank-notes. Impressed by what he had learned, he sought out the intending purchaser and said: 'I have been turning your offer over in my mind, and I find it is too little. The house is worth much more. Still, I don't want to be unreasonable. What I ask is this: Instead of paying me half a million paper marks, give me half a million sheets of white paper, and the house is yours. Do you agree?' 'I'll see you in Hades first,' was the reply. 'You are asking more than double the price we agreed upon. Keep your house, you old swindler!' In effect, the sheets of white paper represent more than twice the convenanted purchase money.

According to the Warsaw correspondent of *Temps*, Poland is gradually returning to normal. Most of the former export and import restrictions have been abolished, so that foreign trade is practically free. The only exceptions are that the importation of a few articles of luxury is still regulated, and the exportation of provisions and raw materials needed by domestic consumers is prohibited or subject to license. This correspondent says that Poland now has freer trade with her neighbors than any other country in Central Europe. Commercial treaties have been concluded with Rumania and Czechoslovakia, and similar treaties are being negotiated with Hungary, Austria, and Esthonia. Negotiations have also begun at Warsaw, between the Polish Minister of Trade and representatives

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of the Soviet Government, for a resumption of commercial relations between those countries.

Neue Zürcher Zeitung analyzes the population statistics of the city of Vilna, in connection with the recent vote of the delegates chosen at a late election in favor of incorporating that district with Poland. The city itself, according to the figures of the German authorities who occupied it in 1916, had 77,000 Polish residents, or just over 50.15 per cent. There were only 3700 Lithuanians reported in the city. Over 43 per cent of the inhabitants are Jews. Poland's claim to this region, however, has been weakened morally by her military occupation. None the less the recent vote, supported as it is by the presumably unbiased statistics of population gathered by the Germans, indicates that, though sentiment is bitterly divided, a true majority probably favors union with Poland.

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A LAND OF PROMISE AND PROBLEMS

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Morning Post*, who has recently visited Yugoslavia, thus describes the impression that the country made upon him: —

He who travels through this newly formed State is first struck by its size, helped doubtless by the easy and unhurried progress his train makes through it. But even allowing for this, it is not till he has actually been there that an Englishman will realize what a large portion of the map of modern Europe is occupied by Yugoslavia. Next, as to the country itself, the traveler will be impressed by the beauty of its hills and the fertility of its vales. 'The valleys stand so thick with corn they laugh and sing' — or would do so were it August and not March. But truly here is the making of a great country and a great people. The peasantry are as fine and upstanding a lot as you could wish to see — hardy mountaineers and sturdy valesmen. A fellow traveler remarked that Serbia produced two things to perfection — pigs and soldiers. Well, there are worse foundations than that on which to build a new State, and we can imagine the Yugoslav of future generations singing, 'Here 's to the roast pork of old Serbia.' But politically Serbia is in much the same state as were the British Isles on the accession of James I. Though political union was achieved then, it took years of strife and trouble before actual union was attained.

Slovenski Narod, a Slovenian daily, printed at Ljubljana, recently reviewed editorially the ups and downs of public sentiment in that country since the war, when 'one met everywhere people in whose eyes were fires of unwavering hope, who had lost everything of material value, but nevertheless held their heads high, confident of ultimate victory.' Victory came. 'Great military machines were brushed aside by the elemental force of Liberty.'

Following the war, there was a great home-coming of Yugoslavs from their lands of exile, as emigrants or war prisoners, mingling with the people who had remained at home, and inspired, like them, with absolute trust in the immediate and glorious regeneration of their country. 'New men emerged daily from obscurity, who thundered against corruption and reaction. The masses followed them, believing in their demagogic phrases, unable to perceive that these pretended Messiahs were mere weaklings and opportunists.' So the country finds itself four years after the war in the midst of both an economic and a political crisis. 'It is divided into innumerable parties and combinations, distrustful and bewildered, its countless "leaders" blindly bent on partisan schemes and plots.' These self-appointed leaders, 'driven by personal ambition, dug out ancient racial and religious differences and animosities.' Quite lately, however, signs of clarification are beginning to appear.

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THE YOUNG MEN OF GERMANY

BY MAJOR JEAN MOLLARD

From *La Revue Politique et Parlementaire, March* 10
(INDEPENDENT POLITICAL-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

WHEN someone recalled to an eminent French ambassador that he had been a Communist in his early years, that gentleman is said to have replied: 'To be a revolutionist at twenty shows that a man has a heart; to be one at forty shows that he lacks a brain.' And indeed it is true that young people, looking forward to a long life ahead, full of physical and intellectual energy, trusting confidently in their psychic and moral intuitions, feel strongly drawn toward whatever seems to them generous and noble, even though it may be Utopian. The obstacles their inexperience leads them to despise merely invite attack, because in conquering these they hope to distinguish themselves. They fancy that a great social and political overturn will afford opportunities for great deeds and open the way for an ascent to the highest honors.

Therefore it is with surprise that we who follow closely intellectual movements in Germany since the war see the rising generation drawing its ideals from the past, when in other countries young men are attracted to the progressive and radical ideas of the future. The ostracism that drove Professor Förster from Munich, Professor Nicolai from Berlin, and very recently Professor Kantorowitz from Freiburg, for having criticized the Bismarck spirit, are militant exhibitions of this tendency. More than that, every Monarchist, anti-Semite, and Nationalist meeting is packed with noisy German students. At all such reactionary demonstrations, corps students parade in uniform, with unfurled standards, and with swords at their sides.

We readily admit that the epopee of 1813 might well appeal to youthful imaginations. It recalls the great movement of regeneration that swept over Germany immediately after she was crushed in 1807, making the catastrophe of Jena the prelude to the renaissance of that great Germany which was to be supreme in Europe. The legend left by these great events, the conspiracies of the Tugendbund, the great deeds of Helwig and Von Collomb, the crusade of Arndt and of Fichte, the grand achievement of Scharnhorst and Stein, are a source of inspiration for the young Germans of to-day, who superficially draw a parallel between those times and the present, and therefore conclude that the near future promises to them success and glory like that their fathers won. But these memories of the past are not the only reason why the young men of Germany feel as they do to-day. To understand their sentiments we must study the influences that form them.

After the war of 1870, it was a common saying that Germany owed her victory to 'the Prussian schoolmaster'; and without falling into the exaggeration then the mode, we must admit that the teachers of Germany did play an all-important part in the intellectual and moral progress of that country. For many years the imperial German Government devoted abundant money and painstaking labor to perfecting the

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system of instruction. Large appropriations and progressive legislation gave that country a wonderfully efficient system of public schools. Teachers were well paid and chosen with care; they possessed great esprit de corps and were splendidly qualified for their work.

But the task set before them was not the task that we set before our teachers. Germany did not train the young for their own sake, to make their minds receptive for general ideas and to develop their private judgment. German pedagogy sought to mould the mind of the child to a fixed type, to develop methodically in the child an abnormal nationalism and chauvinism. Instead of training the pupil to form his own judgments and opinions, this discipline aimed to develop the instincts of obedience and respect for authority, and to suppress independent initiative. Deserting and betraying their true profession as educators, the teachers permitted themselves to be made mere bureaucrats, designated to perform a special function in the state. Their task was to prepare the German child to fill that niche in the government's scheme of things that the men in control of that government designed him to occupy.

The young Germans who are beginning their career to-day are the product of this kind of education. Its mark is indelibly set upon them. To be sure, the bitter experiences of the war and the Revolution have affected them; but it is only too easy to compare the prosperity of yesterday with the calamities of to-day, and to represent conditions before the war as ideal. The Kaiser's Government has left behind it the legend of an era of success and well-being, even though somewhat dimmed by the memory of defeat. Bear in mind that, up to the very moment of Germany's collapse, flags were flown and bells were rung almost every day to celebrate new victories, and that an army with a glorious record returned garlanded with flowers to homes that had never felt the presence of the enemy.

What are we to expect then of the coming generation? All those who actually witnessed the Revolution testify to the utter calm with which it was received. Not an official raised a word of protest, no matter how exuberant had been his previous protestation of loyalty to the Kaiser and to pan-Germanism. Not an official was deprived of his post.

The same thing happened in the schools. The teaching staff remained precisely what it was in the days of the Empire. Its members, almost without exception, belong to the political parties that supported the Kaiser. They are men and women upon whom the Imperial Government heaped tokens of favor, and whom that Government assured enviable incomes and social rank. To be sure, the radical parties that tried to seize power immediately after the Revolution attempted to reform the programme of the schools, if not the methods of instruction. In particular, they forbade the use of history textbooks that taught the children that there was but one chosen people, the Germans; that the Hohenzollern government was the best government in the world; that the Hohenzollern rulers had made Germany the greatest, most glorious, and most powerful of nations by their great military achievements.

Hänisch, when Minister of Public Instruction for Prussia, published a report describing these efforts. But the reforms of November 1918 had no sequel. Dr. Bölitz, the successor and the bitter personal enemy of Hänisch, declared in a public address a year ago last January: 'Minister Hänisch managed to erase the word Hohenzollern

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from our textbooks of history, but he will never erase that word from our hearts. . . . We are not ashamed of Prussian militarism or of our honorable Prussian bureaucrats. We demand that history be taught in our schools, and first and foremost, the glorious history of Prussia and Brandenburg.'

There is not the slightest doubt that Dr. Bölitz has been obeyed by the teaching staff with more alacrity and enthusiasm than was his predecessor. We have abundant proof of that. A little textbook on the Treaty of Peace has been put in the hands of Prussian school children. Its title is: *Versailles, a Popular Commentary upon a Peace of Brute Force, in the Form of a Catechism of Questions and Answers.* Teachers take their school children in a body to visit 'expositions of the Treaty of Versailles,' where the little folks have explained to them pictures and diagrams describing the Treaty and its territorial and economic results, all conceived in the exaggerated and misleading way so familiar in the older German propaganda. The teachers are expected to impress upon their pupils during these visits that they must exert themselves to the utmost to nullify the effects of that treaty. Only a few such lessons are necessary to convince these young folks that poor Germany could not possibly have been guilty of a war fought with enemies so insatiable and selfish as the Allies.

Even in the Rhine country, under the very eyes of the Army of Occupation, the teachers perform their duties in such a manner as to cause the High Commission to point out that the children, instead of being encouraged to believe in reconciliation and friendship among nations, are inculcated with the very opposite spirit.

Naturally conditions are no better than this in the unoccupied parts of Germany. It is true that German pacifist societies have addressed a protest to the Imperial Chancellor against the spirit of revenge that is being cultivated in the rising generation. They point out that this violates both the text and the spirit of the Weimar Constitution. But it would argue great ignorance of the weakness of the German Government, when it comes to dealing with the chauvinists of its own country, to imagine that this protest will have the slightest result. Lloyd George pointed out this danger in his speech before the House of Commons on the eighth of last February: One of the real perils in Europe to-day is that the rising generation of Germans will be nurtured in ideas of vengeance, not only for five, ten, or twenty years, but as long as there are any survivors of the old régime. They will be taught that they must reconquer their former territories and regain their former prestige, that they must honor their old traditions, and that they must avenge their late defeat.

As a further refinement of this tendential education, physical training and sports are given a far larger place in the curriculum than hitherto. The German Government is sparing neither money nor labor to encourage this. A *Reichsausschuss für Leibesübungen*, assisted by an 'Academy,' has this matter in hand, and is organizing such instruction according to a carefully thought-out system. Athletic societies of all kinds are prospering beyond precedent, and are supposed to have already more than two million members.

It is not surprising that, after a war that has inflicted such heavy losses on the nation, the Germans should turn their attention in this direction. But their methods and the spirit these suggest are disquieting. University students and public-school pupils receive training in their athletic unions that seems to have a different purpose from

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that ostensibly in view, and to look chiefly toward military preparation. Long marches in column while carrying packs, and *Gelände Spiele*, certainly suggest the latter idea. The propaganda literature published to promote the movement testifies to the same spirit. One of these manuals, written by a man named Schäfer, is a regular little book of tactics and has for its motto the saying of Friederich Ludwig Jahn: 'Make every athlete a soldier before he serves with the colors.' The *Gelände Spiele* include map reading, marching by the compass, finding directions, finding distances, scouting, taking bridges, and skirmishing.

Th Prussian Minister of Public Instruction has issued regulations for granting half-day vacations to pupils, to enable them to take part in these drills. One of the government circulars contains this significant paragraph: —

> The Educational Office will likewise do all in its power to further this programme. I take pleasure in acknowledging the efficient aid of the *Ausschuss*, especially its efforts to enlighten those circles that are opposing these new organizations and that refuse to recognize their importance for the national welfare.

Furthermore, the latest regulations governing physical education, published in 1921, apply indiscriminately to the army, the navy, the public schools, and the athletic associations. They are designed to unify this instruction and to insure that every young German shall have the strength, endurance, suppleness, and quickness required of a trained soldier.

Finally, there exists a close liaison between the army, the athletic associations, and the teachers of physical training in the public schools. This has been accomplished by organizing courses of instruction in the National Defense Group Commanderies, by employing former army officers as civilian instructors and athletic trainers, by permitting soldiers of the National Defense Force to become members of civilian athletic associations, and last of all, by providing that the army and the athletic organizations may use the same athletic grounds and hold joint meets.

Therefore we must conclude that physical training and athletic sports are fostered among the young people of Germany with military preparation ultimately in view. This will logically develop into an obligatory course of physical training tantamount to the compulsory military service which has been abolished by statute. *Germania*, the official organ of the Clerical Party, stated last January that the *Reichsausschuss* was drafting a bill providing for this.

Students not only participate in this movement, but they are in charge of it. At Berlin their representatives took up with the Rector and Senate of their University ways and means to put into effect the resolutions adopted at their Erlangen Congress. These resolutions merely confirmed decisions made at the preceding congress of German university students at Göttingen, in favor of making courses in physical training obligatory in all higher educational institutions, and forbidding the granting of degrees to any student who cannot present a certificate showing that he has completed these courses to the satisfaction of the authorities.

Prince Frederick William of Lippe recently stated, in an article printed in *Die Deutsche Korpszeitung*, the official organ of the German student corps: 'Our societies enroll and unite the young men who are destined to be the future leaders of the nation, who ought to be the spinal cord of our political organism.' This arrogant statement, exhaling the very soul of Bismarck,

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embraces a whole programme. At every gathering, formal or informal, of the university men of Germany, it is impressed upon the student body that it is their first duty to reconquer the nation's independence, and that they are to be the leaders of the masses trained and disciplined in the primary and secondary schools. This explains the active agitation in higher educational institutions in favor of Nationalism, and the confidence with which the people of the country look forward to a speedy 'imperial renaissance.'

The present generation of German university students is exceptional. Very many of them have passed the normal age of academic life. They fought in the war and during the disorders that followed. They are men of great vigor and unusual experience in practical affairs; but they have lost some of the elasticity of spirit and the illusions of young men. Their influence over the other students is very great, even though the latter may be nearly their own age. A large number have come back from the war as officers wearing decorations, of which the Germans are quite as proud as we French. That alone would explain why a martial spirit has taken such complete possession of the student body.

University authorities, acting under instruction from higher up, favor this spirit, openly encouraging its manifestations, supplying Nationalist societies and leaders with offices and assembly halls, and giving their propaganda official recognition and publicity.

One of the most significant facts in this connection is the large number of former army officers at present enrolled as students. In 1920 the enrollment of officers at certain leading universities was as follows: —

Berlin:	14,500 students	3780 former officers
Munich:	12,000 students	2900 former officers
Frankfort:	6000 students	1350 former officers
Göttingen:	4000 students	1000 former officers
Marburg:	3000 students	1100 former officers
Wurzburg:	2500 students	640 former officers

The proportion of former officers is equally large in technical and commercial schools. Finally, a very large number of National Guard officers, *Schutzpolizei*, and Defense Force Officers are enrolled as auditors in university courses.

This abnormally large enrollment of former professional soldiers is doubtless due in part to the fact that very many are forced to prepare for new careers, on account of the reduction of the army to the low figure provided by the Treaty of Versailles. But their age, — a great number are over thirty-five, — and the considerable expense they must incur to secure an education thus late in life, make it questionable whether their purpose is solely what appears upon the surface. This suspicion is strengthened by their way of living. Most of them are students merely on the surface. They are furnished with funds by private and secret associations, such as the German Officers' League and the National Legion of German Officers. These latter societies, in turn, are financed by the Nationalist Parties. Their organization dates from immediately after the Armistice, when they began to organize 'Temporary Volunteer Corps' in all the universities. These bodies rendered signal aid to the National Defense Force in March 1920, during the Communist uprising in the Rhine valley.

Under pressure of the Entente, the German Government passed a law dissolving the Volunteer Corps, but they continue sub rosa.

Every university gives systematic military instruction. Veteran officers who have served throughout the war deliver lectures on military subjects to these student associations. There is

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a regular course of study designed to prepare men to become subalterns, and special meetings are held monthly to give members practice in commanding troops. At frequent intervals all the student corps meet together to listen to addresses by distinguished military men.

I must not fail to mention the vacation colonies, where students are given military instruction under the pretext of performing agricultural labor. Notices are posted in different universities, urging the students to join such colonies on the estates of great landed proprietors in Saxony, Silesia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, and East Prussia. The German Officers' League has charge of enrolling these students and assigning them to special colonies, and probably controls their training in their student camps.

For the purpose of coördinating all these efforts, a *Hochschulring Deutscher Art* has been formed. Its objects are: first, to organize the students along military lines and accustom them to strict discipline; second, to propagate patriotism. The *Hochschulring* was organized at Marburg, and its first members were the volunteers who participated in suppressing the Communist uprising of 1920. Financed by the Nationalist Party and patronized by men like General Ludendorff, the *Hochschulring* has extended rapidly to every part of Germany, including the Occupied Territories. The country is divided into seven districts, corresponding to the National Defense districts, and the work of the organization is directed by the German Officers' League. Actual liaison between these organizations is effected through the enrollment of officers of the old army as students in the universities. In addition to all this, the university students have flocked into another group of societies, having for their object the restoration of a greater Germany.

Among the latter is the *Jung Deutscher Orden*, the name of which recalls the secret societies of German students formed to overthrow French domination in their country early in the nineteenth century. This half-political, half-military society seeks its recruits especially among young men who did not serve during the war, particularly students from the middle classes and the peasants. Its purpose is 'to defend the constitution; to protect individuals, labor, and private property; to maintain order; and to defend the territorial integrity of the nation.' But its true object is to restore to Germany her earlier frontiers.

At the head of this society is Captain von Selchow, the same officer who organized and is still at the head of the *Hochschulring*. His immediate subordinates are students who are members of both these organizations. The *Jung Deutscher Orden* has more than 100,000 members, divided into sixty *Brüderschaften*, commanded by Grand Masters. Each *Brüderschaft* is divided into *Scharen*. This organization covers Hesse-Nassau, Hesse, Westphalia, and Thuringia. It is certainly working in coöperation with Bavarian societies surviving from the old National Guard of 350,000 members, particularly with the *Treubund*, an organization whose objects are practically identical with its own. It is also allied with the *Wehrwolf*, which has some 50,000 members in Hanover. Several other societies of a similar character, but relatively less important, exist among the German students, among them the 'German Orders' and the 'Country Leagues' in the eastern part of Germany.

Societies formed among the students for counteracting these Nationalist organizations have had but moderate

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success. During 1921 the 'Young Communists,' or German section of the international student body directed from Moscow, lost 7000 members. At the present time, its 800 local groups do not total more than 28,000 young men. The *Arbeiter Jugendvereine* of the Conservative Social Democrats, and the *Jungsozialisten* of the Independent Socialists are also languishing.

If the Germans have seemed to lack comprehension of popular psychology at times during the past few years, they have always remained masters of one branch of that science — military psychology. They know that a national army constitutes a moral unit. They realize that such an army must have equipment, and they are trying to preserve that. But if they fail there, they propose to perfect every facility for manufacturing arms and munitions speedily when they are required. However, there is something else that is still more important — trained soldiers. I have just explained how they are being prepared. Last of all, and above all, an army must possess cohesion, esprit de corps, common memories, personal contacts, consciousness of a common object — those ties without which a body of men is merely an armed mob, a prey to all the psychic morbidities and unreasonable impulses of a mob.

Consequently the leaders of the army, throughout all the transformations their staff has been forced to undergo since the Armistice, have been constantly preoccupied with preserving a continuous tradition between the glorious Army of the Empire and the army of to-morrow.

By establishing a close alliance between the National Defense Force, the athletic associations, and the student societies, these moral bonds have been maintained. What better testimony could we have than the frequent reunions of old regiments, where men get together by companies and battalions, wearing the insignia of their former units in the Imperial Army, to listen to their familiar regimental music and patriotic speeches; while shoulder to shoulder with them sit the members of the athletic associations, the future army, associating in these commemorative festivals with the veterans whom they are taught to honor? Such union meetings are reported constantly in the newspapers, and are regarded benevolently, if they are not actually inspired, by the Government. Princes of the old ruling families, high officials of the Republic, and distinguished military men, take part in them.

The most remarkable of these great celebrations occurred from the second to the fifth of December, 1921, in honor of the Bavarian heavy artillery. More than 20,000 former fighting men came together from every part of Bavaria to attend this celebration. Members of the Cabinet and Princes of the Royal House were present. At the conclusion of the exercises, these Princes, escorted by General Ludendorff, General von Bothmer, General von Moehl, and others, reviewed the National Defense Force, as it marched slowly past the tomb of 'an unknown soldier.'

Are not these brilliant gatherings the very picture of true Germany, of 'a people in arms,' of a Germany convinced that it is her first and most sacred duty to recover the place she believes she should occupy in the world — the first place, and a Germany unanimous in her conviction that a war of revenge is the surest and the quickest way to realize her destiny?

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THE POPE AS AN ALPINE CLIMBER

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

[*This is a translation of an article by Dr. A. Ratti — now Pope Pius XI — in the* Bollettino del C. A. I., vol. xxiii, 1889.]

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(Liberal Monthly)

Early in June, 1889, after making arrangements with my incomparable friend and companion of Alpine expeditions, the Reverend Luigi Grasselli, I wrote to my guide, Gadin of Courmayeur, asking him to be at Macugnaga on July 28, where we would join him on the following day. It was our intention to go by the Weissthor and the Cima di Jazzi, and so descend on Zermatt. We had also decided to give up this route, if necessary, for the ascent of the Dufour Spitze (the highest peak of Monte Rosa) from Macugnaga. To avoid discussion we had kept our intention to ourselves, feeling sure that if the proposal were made on the spot and in favorable conditions, it would be welcomed. Gadin's reply, however, showed our caution to be unnecessary. 'I agree,' he wrote, 'to be at Macugnaga on the twenty-eighth; I advise you that, if the weather is fine, we shall do Monte Rosa.'

Gadin had agreed to bring another guide, Alessio Proment, a vigorous and intelligent youth, to serve as porter. We knew that neither of these men had made the ascent of the Dufour Spitze by any route, nor had we ourselves, and we knew it would not be an easy expedition. Three years earlier, the sight of the memorial stone to Marinelli and Imseng in the cemetery of Macugnaga, and the particulars I had heard of the catastrophe to which they fell victims, had left a melancholy impression on my mind. I had studied the published accounts of previous ascents of the Dufour Spitze from Macugnaga; but it seemed to me that the dangers and disaster encountered in those previous ascents might reasonably be attributed to unfavorable mountain and atmospheric conditions.

With regard to us, the important point was that we knew our men. It was just a year since we had attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur with them. My brother Edward was one of our party at the time; he also belonging to the Milan section of the Alpine Club. Imprisoned by wind and snow in the Sella Hut, we were forced by lack of provisions and fuel to descend in spite of the storm, and it was in this descent that our men had inspired us with complete confidence in them. This trust will not seem exaggerated to those who know the locality, and will imagine it covered with deep snow far below the terrace on which stood the old hut, now abandoned.

In 1867 Mathews and Morshead had formed a plan for scaling the colossus of Monte Rosa from the Pizzo Bianco side. They thought, however, it would be too risky, because of the constant fall of avalanches from the highest peak. The idea was taken up by Mr. Taylor and by the Pendlebury brothers, who were the first to carry it through, on July 22, 1872. It is evident from their account in the *Alpine Journal* that the

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widening of the crevasses of the upper glacier and the constant threat of avalanches caused serious trouble, and even some moments of real panic, to the English climbers. The same ascent was made in 1880 by Herr Lendenfeld, of Graz.

It occurred to Damiano Marinelli, of the Florence Section, that it was not proper that foreigners only should attempt the ascent of the Italian side of Monte Rosa, which is as essentially Italian as the Matterhorn is essentially Swiss. He was at Macugnaga in the summer of 1881, but conditions could not have been more unfavorable. The sirocco was blowing, and there were constant avalanches. On August 8 he fell a victim to an avalanche, in the great couloir which bears his name. Another foreigner, Professor Schulz of Leipzig, attempted the same ascent and, favored by exceptionally good conditions, was successful.

These and later expeditions previous to ours showed that what we specially needed was ice and fine, cold weather, the first to secure us against crevasses, the second against avalanches. We could consider ourselves lucky if we found little frost, snow, or ice on the rocks of the summit.

As it turned out, we had the good fortune to carry out the expedition under the best possible conditions.

Two days before our arrival at Macugnaga, a heavy fall of snow had occurred on the side of the Pizzo Bianco. The temperature was distinctly lowered, and if any stone or cornice had had an unstable equilibrium, it would certainly have already fallen. It remained to be seen how much fresh snow had fallen. To the storm had succeeded not only fine, but splendid weather, and when, on the road from Vanzone to Prequartero, Monte Rosa burst upon our view, it was a vision of incomparable beauty. Around us the fresh green of forests and meadows; above us heaven's pavilion, decked in the fairest azure that may be seen, of crystalline purity and transparency; facing us, with its immense expanse of snow and ice, with its gigantic, ten-peaked crown, about 15,000 feet high, aglow and aflame with the first rays of the sun, the Alpine colossus towered in invitation — or was it in defiance?

We arrived at Pestarena as a group of gold-miners, lamp in hand, were about to go down again to the galleries, after their early meal. It is well known that the practical sense and characteristic courage of the English finds a way of employing advantageously no small capital in this far corner of Italy. And I say no small capital, not only for the importance of the work and the number of men employed, but also — be it said with praise — for the generosity with which our workmen's security is provided for at Pestarena, where they are not, as in so many other places, victims of a homicidal economy.

Thanks to the courtesy of the English Consulate at Milan and the kindness of the overseer at the mine, we were able to watch the chief work at the mine and see how the king of metals is separated from the crushed earth.

It was half-past eight in the morning, and Pestarena was not far behind us, when our men came into view. They had not expected us so early, but the greeting was none the less cordial. 'Well, sirs, Monte Rosa is there, and we shall do it,' said Gadin at once. The good man had made up his mind and had already done something to ensure the success of the expedition. Arriving a day ahead of us, he had not wasted his time, but had employed it in collecting information and studying the ground on the spot, going with Proment as far as the Pedriolo Alp. With the intuitive, almost divining, instinct of a proved and expert guide, he had al-

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ready mapped out the route to take from the Marinelli Hut to the Dufour Spitze.

For anything that eye or glass could see, there was not a crevasse, not a hanging or threatening cornice, not one disturbing evidence of fresh snow or visible trace of ice on the highest peak. It was hardly possible to distinguish the *Bergschrund.* Arriving at the Monte Moro Inn, we found that our project had received a most encouraging vote of confidence. The proprietor, Sig. G. Oberto, had been on the Dufour Spitze with the first English expedition of Mr. Taylor, and knew our men. 'With such weather and such men,' he said to me, 'you will get on all right.'

I have gone into these details at length to make it clear that the idea of a desperate adventure had never crossed our minds. In truth it seems to me that if we were on the whole fortunate, we were not foolhardy, nor, properly speaking, rash. I do not say this for the benefit of experienced climbers, but rather, if I may be pardoned for the expression, for the profane. I would wish to assure the latter that mountaineering proper is not necessarily rashness, but is entirely a question of prudence and of a little courage, of strength and steadiness, of a feeling for nature and her most hidden beauties, which are often awe-inspiring, and for that reason the more sublime and the more suggestive to a contemplative spirit.

We stopped at Macugnaga long enough to refresh ourselves and to pay a brief visit to the solitary and charming little church, and a briefer one to its pastor, whose cordial hospitality we are surely not the first to record. Let this simple mention thank him also for the almost fraternal anxiety with which, armed with his field glasses, he followed with his eyes a good part of our long ascent.

A little before noon we began the climb to the Marinelli Hut, where, after being greeted on the way by a herd of chamois, we arrived about seven in the evening, without any other discomfort than that of a mortal drowsiness, which assailed the writer in the course of the climb, and against which, if the excellent reasons of Gadin had no effect, a few drops of ammonia had. I was not surprised by this phenomenon, which is not unusual while climbing. The sufficient reason was the sudden rise from the plain of Milan to this height of almost 10,000 feet. But, from personal experience, I had full belief in the final effect of climbing on my organism, and I can say such faith was largely realized.

At the hut the first contretemps, inconvenient but not serious, befell us. We found it only half closed and full of snow. It may be imagined how we felt, longing as we were for a little warmth. But thanks to a wise division of labor, we were able to put the intruder out and make ourselves masters of the place. Melted snow and Liebig's Extract of Beef furnished not the only, but the useful part of our supper, while one or other of us kept going out to consult the weather or to enjoy the glorious view which the evening presented from this height. There was solemn silence, an unending vivid sparkling of stars above the deep blue velvet of the sky, the enormous masses of the vast summits towering against it with their gigantic shadows on the white expanse of snow and ice.

A little before eleven we stretched ourselves on the bare boards that were our bed and went to sleep. Our slumber was more brief than we could have wished, for Gadin, as agreed, waked us about one o'clock; and in a few minutes our little company was on foot. Not one avalanche had disturbed our short repose, and the cold and fine weather still continued; then, forward. To save

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ourselves from the possibility, I will not say risk, of avalanches, we had decided to cross the Marinelli couloir by night, so that, even in case of a difficult crossing, we should have made it before the sun rose to disturb the snow and ice which lie above.

After refreshing ourselves with a little Liebig and warm wine, and carefully extinguishing the fire and closing the hut door firmly, we took to the rope. Gadin tied himself first with great care, then I, and after me Proment, and last Professor Grasselli; and in this order we continued during the climb. Proment carried one lamp and Gadin another until we reached the rocks.

A short climb above the hut found us on the edge of the famous couloir. We had planned to cross it diagonally, always tending upwards, nor did it seem as though it would be difficult to gain the rocks of the Imsengrücken which loomed up before us. Gadin handed me the lamp, and after him we all struck out on the snow. Bad luck! Under a thin crust we sank in up to our knees. It seemed to Gadin, after careful examination, that this was a purely local accumulation due to a recent small avalanche, and this turned out to be the case. We had to go down further to seek better going, and our diagonal crossing was thus enormously lengthened.

When we got down, we found the snow not only solid but extremely hard. This was another misfortune, especially for Gadin, who had not expected to begin cutting steps so early. Poor Gadin! When I think what hard labor he endured for almost the whole of that day, without ever wishing to let another take his place, I still feel amazed at his steadiness and at his muscles of steel.

Another unwelcome discovery soon followed. The great couloir was composed of an endless number of smaller ones, which enormously multiplied its surface and our difficulties. I find no mention of this detail in any account of previous ascents, and perhaps the absence of this circumstance and of similar ones I noted explains how others crossed the couloir in much less time than we did. We were continually obliged to go up in order to go down, and to go down in order to go up, gaining very little ground on the whole breadth of the couloir, the lamps almost always hidden behind the ridges dividing the different couloirs. Very often we heard Gadin's tranquil voice: '*Prenez garde, messieurs, c'est un mauvais pas.*' Gadin, who spoke his Italian well and held his own even in English, in difficult moments seemed to prefer a kind of French of his own, like many in the Aosta Valley.

Meanwhile, our eyes were instinctively raised and lowered along the steep couloir, to fix themselves hungrily at last on the rocks of the Imsengrücken. After a good hour-and-a-half of hard going we still seemed to be in the middle of the couloir and at an insuperable distance from the rocks, like the shipwrecked sailor so fitly described in Dante's well-known verses.

A rest of fifteen minutes and something to drink, whether coffee or wine I cannot say, and then we began to climb as straight up as we could on the rocks which end in forming a narrow ridge between the couloir and the upper glacier. It would n't have mattered so much, if the rocky ridge had been continuous. A ridge of good rock as this was, however steep it may be, always presents firm and relatively easy footholds. The trouble was that at a few yards from the edge of the glacier the ridge abruptly ended in a gully whose sides were as steep as they were smooth. This might perhaps have proved an insurmountable difficulty, if it had not been for a little ridge of snow which rose gently and easily from the base of the precipice and joined the rock to the glacier.

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It was not the best of crossings, but there was no other; and the snow wall, though thin, was almost as firm and solid as ice. Its length was equal to that of the rope between two of us which is the limit of safety.

'*Tenez-moi la corde, monsieur*,' said Gadin, making up his mind after a short consultation. And while I and the others, planted firmly on rock, followed him with our eyes, our hands on the rope ready to help, he crossed up with enviable self-possession and in perfect safety, and took up his position on the glacier. What was difficult enough for the leader was not so bad for the others; and we all went ahead without other incident than the writer being ordered to halt for a minute or two, in the middle of the acrobatic crossing, by Gadin, who wished to find firmer footing on the glacier. The moment must have appeared most serious in the judgment of our gallant guide, as, finding the unwelcome halt was prolonged, I asked him if I might go ahead. '*Monsieur*,' he replied, without turning, '*je vous en prie, ne parlez pas; cela me dérange l'esprit.*'

When we had all crossed, we began to advance on the glacier, for some time steering to the left and climbing between the Zumstein Spitze and the Dufour Spitze, then to the right towards the rocks of the final peak. . . . The ice was in as perfect condition as one could desire, firm and continuous, but was, unfortunately, covered by a layer of snow, which was not old or hard enough to bear us, and required the cutting of steps in the actual ice, which added much to our fatigue. Partly for this reason and partly because of the steepness of the ice walls, our progress was slow, but we kept steadily ascending, though in long zigzags.

After several hours of silent and weary work, we stopped at a short distance from the Bergschrund in the shadow of a massive wall of the pure ice, which jutted out over us like a crystal pavilion. Numerous icicles hung from its extreme edge like a fringe of enormous diamonds. For the first time since we had left the hut, we looked at our watches and found it was about one o'clock. We had been going for the greater part of twelve hours with practically no stop except at the Imsengrücken. We had won the right to a little rest, so we sat down on the snow to contemplate the sublimity of nature, refreshing ourselves with Suchard chocolate, which was then and later a real providence for us; not that we lacked other graces from God, but our stomachs did not seem disposed to require them.

The Dufour rocks seemed very near, but this was an optical illusion. I have no record of having looked at the aneroid we had with us, due probably to the clearness of the air. Everything is on a great scale at that height, the mountains grouped round, the distances that separate them, the general lines of the landscape and its details. But for this very reason the grandeur of the details is lost in the general harmony. This may be noted in the great works of human art. The climber who has seen St. Peter's and the Bernini Portico, so colossal and so gracefully harmonious, so easy to gather up in the magnificent simplicity of a glance, in spite of the variety of detail, knows that even in this particular it is in the imitation of nature that our art is most strictly related to that of God, first artificer of every lovely thing. But who of us had a head for such matters? What was certain was that in a couple of hours we should reach the summit, and the same evening — what matter at what hour — we should sleep on our laurels, or, in other words, on the soft beds of the Riffel, with its comforts made doubly precious.

Again the snow, which in the Mari-

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nelli couloir and on the glacier had so effectually hindered our progress, was about to serve us badly and in an even worse degree. We set out with renewed vigor, taking a route which, while not the shortest, had not the disadvantage of being dominated by masses of ice, which at that hour feel the full effects of the sun and discharge their avalanches. We were obliged to scale an ice wall which rose perpendicularly on our left. It took a good half-hour to overcome a height of several yards, using every assistance from hands and feet.

This passage overcome, only a snowy slope not too steep separated us from the rocks. We started out on it, when to our amazement the rocks seemed to get further away as we went towards them, and the last peak rose higher and steeper than before. Illusion gave way to reality, and the reality was that a long distance remained to climb before reaching the summit. Then the snow became increasingly soft and yielding, so that very soon we were no longer walking, but most painfully rolling along.

Gadin confided to me later that at this point he almost gave up hope of reaching the summit that day, and he had looked out for shelter for the night on the first rocks, though, as turned out best, he said nothing at the time. At last we touched terra firma — we were on the rocks! The nearness of fear sharpens desire. The sun, distinctly setting, showed us that we had not a moment to lose. What of rest and what of the night? . . . We attacked the rocks of the ridge rising above the Imsengrücken. It is easier to imagine than to tell how we struggled on the bare slate and masses of reddish gneiss that form the summit. At one point I heard my companion cry out, and turning, I saw his ice ax fly like an arrow down the rocks to the nearest snow-field. What was to be done? We could not even attempt to find it; and all that evening and the following morning Professor Grasselli had to have his hands on ice and in snow, and got them so frost-bitten that they did not recover for months. The almost-conquered giant was taking his revenge.

A little later the wind blew so hard that the Professor's hat was blown off, — evidently Monte Rosa had an unenviable predilection for him, — followed almost immediately by mine and Proment's. Gadin's was reserved for the ire of the Matterhorn. But our efforts were finally rewarded, and it must have been at half-past seven that we found ourselves on the Ostspitze, the highest summit of Monte Rosa. I shall not waste a word in describing what we saw and felt in that unforgettable moment. To the experienced the memory of such moments speaks with its own incomparable eloquence. To others no words would suffice or appear credible.

We were on the Ostspitze, but we could not remain long. Pursued by the wind, which was unbearable at the height and by the advance of night, we soon descended to a ledge of rock some hundred feet below the summit, bare of snow, and there settled ourselves as well as we could. It was half-past eight, and the aneroid showed 15,300 feet above sea level.

The spot we were on was not a comfortable one for those who had passed such a day as ours, and could certainly not compete with the beds and comforts of the Riffel. It was, however, quite safe for anyone who could feel safe about himself, although extremely narrow. It was impossible to take a step in any direction. When we sat down our feet were hanging over space. We were able to exercise them, however, taking care not to lose our balance. And there was great need of these elementary gymnastics. The cold was intense. Without being able exactly to deter-

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mine the degree, I remember that our coffee and wine were completely frozen, and our eggs not only undrinkable but uneatable. We had recourse to the chocolate again and to some excellent kirsch.

In such conditions of temperature and place it would have been most imprudent to give way to sleep. But who wanted to sleep in that pure air which penetrated every fibre in us, and with such a magnificent scene before us! At that height, in the midst of that grandest of grand alpine theatres, in that pure and transparent air, under that dark sapphire sky, lighted by a thread of a moon and as far as the eye could reach all brilliant with stars in that silence — No, I will not try to describe the indescribable.

Both Professor Grasselli and I are firmly persuaded that it will hardly be given us again to see so magnificent a natural spectacle. We felt we were in the presence of a new and marvelous revelation of the omnipotence and majesty of God. How could we complain of the fatigues we had endured, how could we even think of them? Many climbers must have experienced in themselves, as we did, then, the profound truth of the line,

Del mondo consacrò Jeova le cime!

While we were lost in meditation the great silence was broken by a rumbling like tremendous thunder. It was an avalanche, which detached itself beneath us, but at too great distance to disturb us, and began to move. Shaken and deafened, we followed the formidable ruin with our ears, unable to do so with our eyes, as, ever growing, it fell, just as Dante said, with

Un fracasso d'un suon pien dispavento,

until it was stopped on the lower glacier. When silence returned, it seemed to us even more profound and solemn.

In contemplation and in exchanging a few fleeting words of wonder, we spent that marvelous night which none of us will ever forget.

We were permitted also to enjoy from these heights the ever-beautiful spectacle of the dawn of a perfect day — the first spreading of daylight, the east decking itself in loveliest colors, and the sun sparkling from peak to peak, its rays extending like a mantle of fire over a thousand summits, and in its descent over the slopes of ice and snow working miracles of splendor and of color. An artist would have gone mad. For us it was time to move and climb to the ridge.

The evening before, we had formed a good idea of the difficulties which we had yet to overcome. For speed and security we left all our small baggage, carrying with us only the ice axes and rope. It was about four-forty-five or five o'clock when we abandoned our perch, and, half-frozen as we were, it took us a good half-hour to climb again to the Ostspitze. This is joined to the Dufour Spitze by a narrow ridge formed of frozen snow and slabs of gneiss, interrupted here and there by projecting masses.

Resting our feet now on the Italian side and now on the Swiss, sometimes literally straddling the ridge, finally cautiously traversing a projection and, crossing a narrow and very steep couloir, descending to the Swiss side, we finally found ourselves on the rocky point of the Dufour Spitze. It was eight-twenty. Here the altitude is only exceeded by that of Mont Blanc, and that by only five hundred and sixty feet.

The weather remained fine and the air clear, but the cold and the wind also continued. We took a little chocolate, instead of the traditional champagne, and we left an account of our entirely Italian ascent in a bottle which we found among the rocks, and then considered

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our descent. Traces of the last party who had climbed from Zermatt were still visible, and showed us the way generally followed on the Swiss side. We were tempted to take it in order not to have to climb to the ridge again, which would have been difficult. But it seemed better to return to our bivouac and take up our few traps and attempt to find the ice ax, whose loss my companion felt greatly.

So we were again on the Ostspitze and at our bivouac, crossed the ridge again, took up our sacks, and got down by the rocks to about the height of Zumstein Sattel. Our men failing in the attempt to recover the lost ice ax, we took to the col itself, at a point about midway between the Dufour Spitze and the Zumstein Spitze.

We arrived about 1 P.M. Down below was the Grenzgletscher; but a large crevasse, which separated it from a rock belt, ran all around it as far as the eye could see, and beyond these rocks was one of the steepest snow-slopes I have ever seen. Many climbers have seen that wall at close quarters, and some have traversed it in climbing the Dufour Spitze by the south-west slope.

The strong and bitter-cold wind did not permit us to stand long considering. I was curious to see how Gadin would take us out of the difficulty. '*Faites comme moi, monsieur,*' he said, and I saw that, with face turned to the wall, he began to descend backwards, making large holes in the snow with hands and feet, taking particular care to drive in his ice ax as far as possible.

And down we went, I do not know in what time; but it seemed a very long time to me. With great difficulty, keeping somewhat to the left, where it seemed easiest to approach the glacier, we crossed the belt of rocks. Only the Bergschrund remained to be crossed, from which we were separated by an overhanging slope of good snow. With time and patience we might have found a spot where the Bergschrund narrowed, or was crossed by a solid bridge. Gadin proposed a more expeditious and as safe a method. He first, then the rest of us, moving one at a time, each taking the length of the rope, while the others stood ready to hold him if necessary, we sat down on the overhanging slope over the Bergschrund. Sliding at first, then flying over the Bergschrund itself, we found ourselves plunged in the soft snow which covered to a considerable depth the glacier beneath. Thus in a few minutes we made an amount of progress which might have taken us some good hours.

Having reached the glacier, we felt like those who set their feet on a broad highroad, after leaving a rough and dangerous path. Continuing our descent, we crossed the rocks of the Dufour Spitze on the Italian side, and crossed the col which opens between the Dufour and the Zumstein Spitze. If this were not so difficult, it would be a natural route between the Monte Rosa glacier on the Italian side and the Grenzgletscher on the Swiss side.

What we did may have some importance in the Alpine history of Monte Rosa, for we had made the *first crossing of the Zumstein Sattel*, perhaps the second highest col in the Alps. I believe there can be no doubt as to the priority of our descent by the rocks of the Dufour Spitze. From what I know and have been able to verify in Alpine publications, it would appear that this col was not only never previously crossed, but not even reached from the direction of Macugnaga, and had only three times been reached from the Zermatt side, each time by parties of English climbers.

The Grenzgletscher descends for a long distance in great terraces, like a gigantic staircase, peaks flanked by a balustrade of snow, here and there

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broken by vast black rocks. A real desert of snow. I remember how the lines of Salmini came to my mind: —

Neve, neve, sempre neve,
Fredda, muta, fitta, lieve . . .
Una bianca vertigine.

Lower down, the glacier has the aspect and the form of a majestic river, with great sweeps in it, flowing into the vast basin of the Gorner, where the ten glaciers descending from the Weissthor, the Nordend, the Dufour Spitze, the Zwillinge, the Schwarzthor, the Breithorn, the Klein Matterhorn, and the Theodule, have their imposing meeting. In that immensity of dead nature, we seemed to disappear, to lose ourselves. And the best of it was that if we did not lose ourselves, we lost our way.

We knew well the paths on the Riffel Horn and the Gornergrat that lead to the Riffel Hotel, and Gadin knew them; but either his memory betrayed him, or in the strangeness of the place his eyes, half-blinded by the reflection of the snow, found a path where there was not one. We went on, taking the precautions usual on crossing a glacier, like those who feel themselves nearly home and see no reason for hurrying, stopping at our ease at a spot called Blattje, where we were at last able to satisfy the thirst which for a long time had mercilessly tormented us — a thirst for which it is well known snow is no remedy.

Meanwhile the sun passed the meridian, declined, disappeared, and no path appeared. We went from one glacier to another, climbing the moraine to examine more closely the rocks of the Riffel Horn; but no path. Darkness came on and at last night closed in. We lighted our one remaining lamp, but that helped little. Anyone who knows what a great moraine is like, the very image of chaos, can form an idea of our way of getting along. In a word, all search was useless. Two steps from the comfortable beds of the Riffel, we had to resign ourselves to pass the night on the hard stones of the moraine.

That was a small matter in comparison with what we had gone through the previous night, and after all, we could consider ourselves fortunate. In so many hours, and in such conditions as I have already described, we had met no real peril, no grave accident, no slip of a foot, even. If the fortune of the moment was adverse, it was fair and wise to bear it cheerfully. This we did; and having chosen the least inconvenient spot, sheltered from falling stones, as the lamp at last went out we fell peacefully asleep, to the real benefit of our muscles, which were beginning to feel done up.

I think it would probably be an exaggeration to say that we met with any real risks on our expedition. In regard to the real and serious difficulties we did meet with, I fully believe Gadin when he tells me that he has encountered much more serious ones in other ascents. It appears from the accounts of almost all the expeditions that preceded ours, that they did encounter real and serious danger; and it seems to me that the mountain or the air, or both, must have been in very different conditions from those we experienced.

We were awakened from a deep sleep by Gadin's voice, announcing that Proment had found the path a little above where we were, and that we ought to reach it immediately. We did not need to be told twice; we ascended the glacier and were soon at the Riffelberg. It was high time, for Gadin could no longer use his eyes.

At the Riffel we had the benefit of a regular deluge of fresh milk, to the astonishment of those there. The explanation of this was that notice of our ascent had reached Zermatt, together with our luggage from Macugnaga.

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The manager of the Post Hotel there, not seeing us appear, had telegraphed to the Riffel, asking after us. We were therefore obliged to go down to Zermatt as quickly as possible, leaving Gadin to attend to his eyes and join us at his leisure.

I fulfill a grateful duty in thanking, both in the name of Professor Graselli and of Gadin, the hotel staff and the guests, but especially an English gentleman, whose name, I am sorry to say, is unknown to me, for the courteous care which they gave to our guide. He needed and deserved it.

It is only right to insert here a word to express in some fashion Professor Graselli's satisfaction, and mine, for what Gadin did in this ascent, and especially on the thirtieth of July. I can only repeat the words that a famous climber, Edward Whymper, wrote long ago of M. Croz, one of the bravest of Alpine guides: 'Could he have performed the feat upon the boards of a theatre that he did on this occasion, he would have brought down the house with thunders of applause.' . . . Proment also gave us entire satisfaction.

I had finished writing this account when certain foreign publications were brought to my notice, in which the difficulties and dangers of the ascent of Monte Rosa from the Macugnaga side are especially discussed. The names of well-known English and German climbers figure in the discussion.

We are as glad to read these discussions now as we are that we did not know of them before our ascent. One's judgment of the conditions of atmosphere and place, on which the ascent itself must depend, can only be calm and objective when the mind is not preoccupied.

All things considered, in ascents of this kind I admit that it is not easy to acquire previous certitude. I also admit that it is specially difficult as regards the eastern slope of Monte Rosa. It is entirely the merit of Gadin to have foreseen, in our case, and clearly divine the actual conditions of the moment. This intuition, which I should call that of the *hic et nunc*, differing from general principles, which only experience can furnish, is one of the most valuable and necessary gifts in a guide. I never saw it developed to so high a degree as in Gadin; I was therefore not surprised to read of the ascent of Mont Blanc by a new route, which he and the guide Petigax accomplished a few days after ours.

It has been my intention to give an account, if possible exact, certainly conscientious, of a particular and concrete case; not to establish general rules. Far be it from me to give other or greater importance to our ascent than a relative or affectionate one, such as may be attributed to amateur climbers: grateful to God for having conceded to me the possibility of admiring close at hand beauties certainly among the greatest and most imposing of this visible world which He has created; glad if we have been able to fill certain perceptible gaps in the chronicles of the Italian Alpine Club.

I wish that others may have such a concurrence of favorable circumstances as will procure for them a similar or greater satisfaction, not only with the same safety, but, as I believe to be possible, with less inconvenience and difficulty. Difficulties and inconveniences, faced with the caution necessary, pass, leaving mind and body refreshed, and an indelible memory of those great and marvelous spectacles 'which to see exalts me within myself,' — '*Che di vederli in me stesso m'esalto.*'

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PALESTINE SKETCHES

BY ARTHUR HOLITSCHER

[*The following paragraphs are quoted from a new book by this talented author,* A Journey through Jewish Palestine, *concerning which we give bibliographical data under Books Mentioned.*]

From *Die Neue Rundschau, March* 1922
(Liberal Literary and Political Monthly)

A mighty, yellow, gullied ridge descending precipitously to the Sea of Galilee — here, legend says, the Sermon on the Mount was delivered.

Our automobile, following the highway at the foot of the mountain, bounces over the stones on the beach as we approach Capernaum. The half-finished highway is still a sort of pebbly dike. Young men are sitting beside it, breaking stone. Young girls, bent over and with spades in their hands, spread the stones evenly over the roadbed.

As we speed past, we swing our caps in the air and shout: '*Schalom!*' The young lads and lasses wave back at us and repeat our greeting — the word of peace. They are our people.

A glance back toward the Mount of the Sermon — my eyes dwell on the bright faces, soon dimmed by distance, of workers breaking stone at the foot of that bald, mighty cliff.

Nestling at the very edge of the water and laved by its waves, appears Magdala: ten miserable Arab huts. Beyond, embowered in the dark verdure of a banana plantation, lies the Jewish colony, Migdal.

Galilee — *Galil!*

Another party of laborers, also our people, are breaking stone along the highway ascending from Tiberias toward Nazareth. On a neighboring summit, snow-white between the black cypresses, rises a Franciscan cloister. Next appears the Greek Church of Gabriel; then comes cloister upon cloister. Soft singing reaches our ears from these white towers; and below, in the burning sunlight, sounds the *klopf, klopf* of Jewish laborers breaking stone. Young Jews, from distant lands, are building highways that lead to cloisters where Christians dwell in peaceful religious meditation. In countless places in every part of Palestine — in Samaria, Judea, from Dan to Beersheba, in the North and in the South — Israel toils in the heat of the day, building the highways of her Promised Land.

Why have you come? What do you seek here? Have you made your long journey over the sea merely to break stone? Have you come from the fair towns of Europe, from streets brilliant with electric light, from the warm homes of your parents, from universities, from normal schools, to wear your life out in this desert land, breaking stone eight hours or more a day in the hot sun? Who are you?

Who indeed are they?

Friendly glances follow us, merry laughter now and then reaches our ears — '*Schalom!*'

This question keeps repeating itself: What has brought these people here? Palestine has a thousand answers.

I talked this over with many a young immigrant, many an old laborer, many a veteran colonist. I discussed the subject privately, man to man. No

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two persons gave me precisely the same answer; for men cannot give an offhand and uniform answer to a question that touches their most intimate conscience. It is part of their soul experience. These people, young and old, who have responded to an unconscious impulse to seek the land of their fathers, to rest in Zion, are not commonplace men, but men of highly developed sensibilities, alert intelligence, and conscientious responsibility. They have thought long and deeply and without illusion upon what awaited them in Palestine, and what it was their duty to do in Palestine. But when you ask them the real, impelling motive, the ultimate secret that lies behind their yearning for Zion, for the land of Israel, they cannot give you a clear answer.

What is Zionism? Is it a religious movement?

Is it the national movement of a dispersed people, striving for unity, and longing to return after two thousand years of exile to its native soil?

Is it a class movement among Jewish workers who wish to get back to the land, to own their own homes and firesides?

Is it a purely metaphysical attraction, drawing a people to one particular point of the globe where its destiny must be worked out?

Or is it a flight from pogroms, from persecution and abuse? Is it a flight from an inevitable class-struggle, with all its bitterness and horrors, a class-struggle that is becoming, for many, a hundredfold worse than *galuth* — than exile? Is it love of adventure that sends young men in throngs back to this ancient and sterile land? Is it weariness and discontent with the decadent civilization of the Occident, already verging toward its end?

'Nationalism. We are a nation. We are drawn here irresistibly by our national consciousness as Jews, by a race impulse.' I replied to this: 'Your history is the Old Testament. The Rolls of the Thora hold the annals of your people. What nation still has a national history that is read on holy days in its temples of worship? The attraction that draws you to Palestine, and what you call the spirit of Israel, is religious, not national.' Thereupon many would answer me: 'We are atheists.'

I might have made faster progress in my inquiries if I had not used that vague and deceptive word — religion; if I had used, instead, Messianism.

Yonder, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, opposite the wall of Arum, is a broad, bright field, where once the ancient temple stood. A half-buried wall still remains. Beyond, row after row of Jewish graves lie on the ascending hillside. Yonder, at the foot of Jerusalem, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, on the rising slope of the Mount of Olives, trumpets will sound on the Day of Resurrection and the world will be called to judgment. But the Jews will not rise on that day — the thousands and thousands of Jews who have come hither from all parts of the world to die, to lay their bones in the blessed soil of their homeland.

Something of the misguided spirit of the crusaders must inspire these Jewish settlers, colonists, and pioneers — the *chaluzim* of to-day. The desire to restore the land of their fathers, and to make it blossom as of old, is not sufficient to explain the powerful impulse that is driving the Jews to Palestine. It is not a sufficient answer.

Is a nation destroyed when it is stripped of its country?

The Jews, after two thousand years of exile, answer: No.

Is a nation destroyed when it is scourged with fire and sword? The Turks have swept nine tenths of the Armenians from the face of the earth.

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They have crushed them, exterminated them. Yet the Armenian nation survives. Its national spirit is unbroken, and here in the Levant we feel it throbbing everywhere.

If you starve a nation politically and economically, if you try to ruin its civilization, can you thus destroy it? Not one quality of the Austrian has been changed by the calamity that has visited his country. Whether a people lives on its natural soil, or is dispersed in the lands of strangers, it will continue to exist. It sublimates itself in individuals. We may dispute the right of these individuals to call themselves a nation. We may deprive them of a foothold on the globe. But that does not destroy their spirit. Nationalism is a powerful force. It is particularly so in the East, where it is fortified by religious tradition. We who believe in the abolition of classes, in the brotherhood of man, in a world community, must not underestimate the strength of this mighty enemy of our ideals. We must realize that we are fighting a compelling atavistic force in human nature.

I sailed from Trieste, the day of Italy's ceremonies in honor of the unknown soldier. Garlanded railway-trains were crossing all Italy that day, carrying the remains of her fallen soldiers toward Rome. The coffins contained lacerated limbs, rattling skeletons that once had been men. When these tragic trains passed a station, the populace knelt in veneration. Widows and orphans wept. Flags fluttered in the breeze raised by the passing train. That great pathetic lie, that the world is grateful to those who have given their lives for an ephemeral idea, was glorified throughout the land; and when our steamer slowly moved out of her slip, it was through a forest of flags.

Below, on the steerage deck, a little group of young men were leaning on the rail. There were some twenty of them. As the steamer dropped down the harbor they sang the *Hatikwah*, the Song of Hope, the Jewish National Hymn.

One young lad showed me his papers. He was nineteen years old, a student at Riga Conservatory. He had played in concerts, and showed me a newspaper with his photograph. His uncle has a clothing store in Chicago that pays him a weekly income of four hundred dollars, and owns a home and a bank deposit. Among other investments he has fifty thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds. This uncle secured his nephew a passport from the Lettish Government to emigrate to America. That is how I chanced to know these details as to the uncle's property, for they had been filed with the American immigration authorities as proof that the young man would not become a public charge. The boy said to me: 'I got my passport for America all right, but I am going to Palestine.'

'You will not live in a house with an elevator there, but in a tent; you will not wear handsome American clothes, but work with pick and shovel; you will be weary, and perhaps sick with fever, from your unusual labor; you will wish you were in Chicago,' I said. . . . 'You will not have time to play the violin; your hands will be calloused and awkward after you have been spading ground or driving horses for a couple of months.'

'What should I be doing in America? I am going to *Erez Israel*.' He was a *chaluz*.

Before they reach the reefs of Jaffa, when the distant mountains of Judea first reveal themselves in the dim distance to their gaze, — even before they set foot upon the shores of the Promised Land, — the bitterness of Zion

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begins for the steerage passengers. Only a few, some twenty young men and women, were aboard our vessel. I learned that about eighty of the party who intended to sail with us had been held up at Trieste, 'Quarantined.' This regulation often has more to do with politics than health protection.

The Lloyd Company refitted one of its finest vessels, the Carniolia, for carrying immigrants to Palestine. But after the May pogroms in Jaffa, a hint from the English Government stopped these preparations. The danger of introducing contagious diseases from Eastern Europe is a pretext. The truth is that the English Government does not desire a wholesale immigration of Jews to Palestine. Above all, too many must not come to that country from the Bolshevized regions. Consequently, the steerage passengers are inspected with the most exacting minuteness. They are held up at different ports. They are hustled in guarded railway-cars from one disinfection barracks to another. Their luggage is sometimes disinfected so thoroughly that it dissolves into its original chemical elements. And after they embark for their destination, the sick ones are allowed to languish at hospitals in Alexandria or Port Said, and to be victimized and plundered by Levantine wharf-rats.

The authorities know a thousand ways to discourage immigration. Zionist officials and committees abroad and in Palestine are well aware of this. They try to correct these abuses. Yet I am not absolutely sure that these discouragements are altogether unwelcome to them.

Unsummoned and unannounced, a flood of immigration has started toward Palestine from all the ports of Italy, the Levant, and the Black Sea. Most of these wanderers tramp their way to their first objective, a seaport, where they board a vessel and eventually reach Jaffa, destitute. In exceptional cases well-to-do relatives have paid their passage. Their landing-tax at Jaffa, amounting to a few dollars, must be paid by the Zionist Committee, for the immigrant arrives with empty pockets. The British Government levies a head tax of an Egyptian pound on their arrival. This tax, which was imposed after the pogrom of last May, is levied ostensibly to quiet the native Arabian population. The Jews themselves are to pay all the expenses incurred by the Government in their behalf. The Arabian taxpayer must not be burdened with the cost of this invasion.

Meanwhile, the Zionist Committee has its own cares. It lives from hand to mouth. It watches anxiously for every mail from America. It must have money to pay for the cost of disembarking, for the landing-tax, for the tent that shelters the immigrant, for every mouthful he eats, for every shoe or article of clothing he wears, and for every implement he uses in his labor. It must pay for every square foot of land he tills. All this must come from countries that have sound money. That means principally from America. Eastern Europe supplies only human beings.

Where is the head tax for the immigrants on every ship that looms over the horizon to come from? Where is the Commission to secure the few piasters daily that it costs to feed and keep the newcomer after his arrival? When money from America stops, the members of the Committee run anxiously about with disheveled hair. There is danger of unemployment. Last November twelve hundred new arrivals presented themselves at Jaffa and Haifa.

The Zionist Commission would prefer, as it admits frankly, just what the English Government and the wildest

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Arab Nationalists prefer, to have the immigration stopped — to have it announced in every harbor of Europe: 'Don't come to Palestine; we have no money for you, and consequently no work for you. Stay where you are. We do not know what we can do with you. Wait, else there will be a catastrophe. We are on the ground. We know what conditions are.' And raising their voices still higher: 'Do you wish us to invite industrial capital in to provide work for you? Do you, who have been proletarians in your exile, wish to be exploited again in the Holy Land?'

But the immigration will not stop. It filters through a thousand channels, past every obstacle—quarantine, sickness, hunger, danger, and suffering. An enthusiastic, half-crazed host of young Jewish men and women is constantly pressing on toward the Land of Israel.

Authoritative statistics indicate that thirty thousand are leaving Poland monthly; and the Jews of America, most of whom came originally from Eastern Europe, keep protesting: 'What about those thirty thousand? Why can't your Zionist organization provide for fifty thousand or a hundred thousand in Palestine?'

It is impossible just now to keep a proper balance between the pressure of the Jews to leave their lands of exile and the need for them in Palestine. Jewish immigration to Palestine fulfills not only a need of the Jews, but a need of Palestine itself. The native population, the Arabs, realize this. They can never restore and reforest the wasted country. So the Zionists are asked: 'Why do you not find some way, in spite of hostile authorities and regulations, to satisfy the eagerness of the Jews of Eastern Europe to return to Zion. The need for them there is admitted even by those who are not Jews.'

Palestine itself answers: 'Because we have no money.' In Europe and in America men think otherwise. They attribute failure to the Zionist organization, blaming it for spending too much money on expensive offices and staffs in the great cities of Europe and America, too much money in salaries for its higher officials, too much money for propaganda tours and the like. This, it is claimed, explains why the stream of gold to Palestine wastes away to a tiny trickle.

The reefs of Jaffa are no metaphor. They are real reefs, lowering, ragged reefs that make it impossible to land freight and passengers when the sea is rough. In that case the vessel must proceed to Haifa, and oftentimes the immigrant finds himself set down at Beyrouth.

At Haifa I saw at the immigration station a newly arrived party of youthful Rumanian and Ukrainian laborers. The concrete building was crowded. It accommodates only three hundred. Below in the garden, shaded with palms and aloes, and looking out across the open roadside to Aco and blue Lebanon in the distance, tents were set up for a hundred or more who could not find shelter in the building. Violent torrents of rain had gullied the soil beneath these tents and saturated the bedding, the mattresses, and the personal property of the occupants. The young men were at dinner in the refectory, a former chapel. The first course consisted of quinine.

Fine-looking young lads they were, sturdy, vigorous, good-humored, all aglow with the excitement of their new adventure — the land of Israel, the fulfillment of their childhood dreams, their future labor that sounded, like a trumpet call, both to their bodies and their souls! But this fever of enthusiasm was not all. I saw also in their

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eyes the glow of another fever — of the fever with which the deadly climate threatens every European.

New arrivals remain in the care of the Zionist Commission for only a brief period — from three to five weeks. Then they must look out for themselves. Their names are registered simultaneously at Jaffa, Haifa, and Jerusalem, with various organizations likely to employ them. They are distributed throughout the country in any occupation that will have them — as field laborers, town laborers, and road builders. The path of the immigrant toward the farm that is his ultimate ambition is a tedious and heart-breaking one; and by no means every man arrives at the end of that journey whole in body and soul. Most of them start out as road laborers, or as laborers upon drainage and irrigation ditches and other public works. These occupations are called 'black labor,' and with good reason.

This heavy toil — breaking stone, erecting walls in the heat of the half-tropical sun, digging ditches up to their knees in mire — is not what these young workers would like, nor is it what they are qualified to do. This road work is not paid for by the Zionist Commission. The English Government meets the expense. Such labor is sweetened somewhat by the argument that all the work in Palestine, the humblest and hardest, as well as the highest and pleasantest, must be done by Jews. No man can be a slacker. Only thus can we make the country our own. None the less, these young boys and girls break stone upon the public roads because they are forced to do that by necessity. At Tel-aviv I met a student of chemistry, driving three camels laden with bags of sand. He whistled merrily as he plodded on with his beasts of burden. That was 'white labor.'

This street work wears out the muscles and the nerves of the immigrant, and likewise the only treasure that is left him when the Zionist Commission withdraws its protecting hand: his idealism, his love for the land of his ancestors. In the end he toils on, not for love of *Erez-Israel*, but in order not to starve or beg.

Yes, indeed, the path to a home of his own, to his own bit of ground, is a long, long, toilsome one. I spent many thoughtful hours among these parties of 'black laborers.'

On the highway from Haifa to Jemma a gang is working that has a reputation throughout all Palestine. It is named after its boss, a Bulgarian, and contains forty young men, and three or four young women, coming from almost every land of Europe. It has wandered about the country for several years. At one time it worked in Galilee, then somewhere in the southern part of Palestine, building highways and houses. The members seem to have taken a liking to that kind of work, and to the free, unrestrained gypsy life accompanying it.

So some with whom I talked seemed to have none of that ambition which so many cherish ardently, to become independent farmers. They prefer to migrate from *Kwish* to *Kwish* — from road gang to road gang. They earn forty piasters daily, which is a large sum in Palestine. Their board and lodging and minor necessary expenses cost them about half of this; and they manage to get along.

Many of these workers had bandaged hands. Others were shivering with malaria. But — it was Sunday when I saw them — their food was excellent and abundant. There was even white wine, *Riscohn le-Zions*, on the table. They chatted together and sang awhile before going out to play football on the beach. Their road job would

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end the first of the year, after which they hoped to find employment building houses in Tiberias or Jerusalem; that is, provided the Zionist Commission gets money enough.

I visited another equally courageous and hopeful gang, one Friday evening, at the farther end of Palestine, in Beersheba. It was building a wall around an English army-cemetery. These young people likewise seemed satisfied with their way of living and their work. To be sure, the wall would soon be finished and the men did not know what their next job would be, or where they next would pitch their tents; whether they would be able to keep together, or would have to go their individual ways. But it was the night before their Sabbath rest. They ate heartily, drank tea, smoked, and had me talk to them about Soviet Russia, which I had visited the year before.

One of the jolliest among them suddenly sat down by my side and said: 'Can you tell me what is going to become of us? We don't know. Are we to have work or starve?' A little farther on someone struck up a mournful song, that seemed most appropriate for that encampment by the cemetery. After a moment's silence, my man again remarked: 'Only one thing we know, everyone of us. We shall stay in this country. No one thinks of leaving, whatever happens.' That was in Beersheba.

However, when visiting a gang working on the highway to Jemma, a young German came up to me while the others were drinking and singing a jolly chorus. Sitting down and looking me directly in the eye, he said: 'We sing, drink wine, have work, and live for the passing day; but do you not realize how this seems to us? We see nothing ahead.' A minute later the whole gang was on its feet; for a general was passing along their unfinished road.

In a swamp near Chulda Colony in the mountains of Judea, on the road from Jerusalem to Jaffa, I came upon some Hungarians working on a concrete job. They were fourteen young fellows from Budapest, several of them graduates of the architectural school. They were educated, intelligent youths, ranging from twenty to twenty-seven years of age. They were much discouraged by their heavy labor, their malaria, their bandaged hands, their ragged clothing wet with mud and mire, and their leaky shoes. They made many complaints. They felt they were being unfairly treated, and had been assigned work that was too hard for them, because they had not mixed with the other laborers in the colony. The latter spoke Hebrew; they did not. In fact, these Hungarians could not even speak Yiddish. Last of all, they were stinted in food in order to diminish the deficit. So they grumbled and loitered on their work.

I asked them: 'What brought you here? You come from the country of Horthy and his assassins. You must have experience with pogroms, with massacres of men and minds. But are you mere refugees? Or did something else draw you away from your luxurious native city to these swamps and stony deserts?' They admitted that only ideal reasons could induce young, ambitious, and well-educated men like themselves to come to Palestine.

The spokesman of the party remarked: 'Every one of us came here for ideal reasons. But even in Jaffa, as soon as we set foot in this country and looked around, our idealism had vanished! Probably it fell into the water. Our fight for existence began. It has been a fearful struggle with reality. Any man who, after a month of such battling with hard facts, still clings to his ideal of Zionism, we laugh at to his

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face. We call him "an actor."' Yet these men were certainly exceptions.

On the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, a little aside from the great automobile highway, there lies, close by the City of Ludd, — ancient Lydda, — a great British central military camp. A large party of Highland soldiers came toward us. They were walking at ease after an early morning's drill in the burning tropical sun. Their bared, blond, sun-burnt breasts shone in the brilliant light. Two pipers headed the column, blowing 'Bonny Dundee' with puffed-out cheeks. The boys marched merrily behind them, shouting greetings to us in our automobile.

Not far from this point, a dark crowd was working along the highway, guarded by armed British soldiers. This dark group was the famous road gang of Ludd. Egyptian fellahs are working side by side with our immigrants. It is unpopular labor, on account of the character of the construction, or the climate, or the swamps. Desertions were formerly common. So the English military authorities, finding that so many fellahs were running away that the construction of the road was delayed, ordered that all laborers be branded. Before beginning work, and during their rest period, these people are obliged to squat down on their heels, so that they can be watched more conveniently. I once saw such a group of sixty fellahs, squatting in a long row at a railway station in Palestine. Two 'Tommies' with fixed bayonets quietly smoked their pipes at each end of the line.

These brands are pressed upon the naked shoulder. Neither perspiration nor water will wash them off. Months later a deserter can be recognized by this brand and brought back — presumably to prison. Since our immigrants were assigned also to this labor, which they were forced by necessity to accept, they naturally were branded likewise. The English prefer an intelligent Jewish immigrant to a lazy and ignorant fellah, but the democratic instincts of the Englishman will not let him make the slightest distinction between native and immigrant laborers working in the same gang.

So, on the highway of Ludd, in the famous Ludd Gang, our fellow Jews are laboring with a brand upon their shoulders. They are laboring to rebuild their country, 'to recover *Erez-Israel* by the sweat of our brow.' This is the National Home of the Jews, the home that was theirs two thousand years ago, the land into which Moses led the Jewish people from *Mizraim* — from slavery, after forty years wandering in the desert. But our laborers at Ludd are happy. They have work.

Hear ye, oh Israel!

Yet in many gangs manifestations of growing discontent are appearing among the young laborers, including the young women; for women work shoulder to shoulder with men at this hard labor. With the two exceptions I have mentioned, of a few young people who seem to have taken a liking to this laborious but free, roving, and easy kind of life, most of the members of these gangs are impatient to find better employment. They want land upon which to settle — farms they can cultivate for themselves. Thousands work in road gangs, merely waiting for this opportunity. That has been promised them. Many of them were farm hands in Poland and the Ukraine. Many have taken courses in agricultural schools, or apprenticed themselves to German peasants, in order to learn farming before coming to Palestine.

Broad tracts of stony and semi-arid lands in the most fruitful part of Palestine, along the upper Jordan, in the mountain valleys of Samaria and Judea,

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have been bought by the Trustees of the Jewish National Fund. The immigrants ask: 'Why do they not give us this land now, during the autumn storms, while the rain is beating down upon the newly built highways and flooding the swamps, and our road gangs and drainage gangs are idle?' 'Black workers' besiege the doors of the Zionist Commission and the labor offices, shouting, with famished and rebellious faces: 'Land! Give us land! We want to cultivate it! You have bought enough land. Why do you have money to pay out to Turkish landlords or to Christian patriarchs for land, and not enough to provide homes for us colonists? You buy too much land and settle too few people. Your land lies fallow, while we break stone upon the roads or starve in the towns. You are better merchants than colonizers. You are more eager to make a good bargain in real estate than to build up a nation of peasants.'

They do not know — at least most of them do not know — that these great purchases have been concluded by paying only small installments on the purchase price; and they could learn from other applicants who besiege the doors of the Commission with them that the colonies already established are languishing for want of capital. How much valuable labor rusts away unutilized in Jerusalem and elsewhere, while delegates are waiting for an audience, paying their railway fare from the slender purses of the needy colonists!

Recently the Zionist Executive Committee defined its policy at the Karlsbad Congress with these words: 'We must bring as many immigrants as possible to Palestine and settle them there, until the present Arab majority is outweighed.' At present, of the 700,000 inhabitants of Palestine, only 70,000 are Jews. The immigrants are coming in, and when they arrive they hear of vast tracts of land being bought, while they are waiting profitlessly in Jaffa or Jerusalem, or are working on the roads. Naturally these impatient and embittered men cry out in protest: 'Your land purchases are bluffs. Why so much land, if you have no money to cultivate it?'

To such men the cool-headed, calculating members of the Committee answer: 'If we neglect to buy land to-day, we shall miss the most favorable opportunity to procure it. The Arab landlords and the Christian clergy are raising their prices, and to-morrow we may have no opportunity to gain a foothold in Palestine. We must use all our funds at present to buy land. Unless we own the land, Zionism is a soap bubble. We are not deceiving you. Every one of you who is breaking stone to-day for his daily bread has a farm in prospect. The early arrivals come first in the list. The later arrivals must have patience. Do not lose heart, and you will get your land. We are doing our best.'

Meanwhile the immigrant, when his work in the road gang is finished, takes off his boots, packs the few books and the change of clothing he brought with him to Palestine upon his back, and marches barefoot and with empty stomach over the road his labor has built, to Jerusalem or Haifa, in search of means to keep body and soul together. And as he plods along he says: —

Ich bin a armer Chaluz,
Chaluzl aus Poilen,
Ich loif auf Stiefelach,
Stiefelach ohn' Soilen!

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THE PAINTED ROCKS OF MINATEDA

BY ABBÉ H. BREUIL

[*Abbé Breuil is a distinguished French anthropologist and a professor in the* Institut de Paléontologie Humaine *in Paris, which was founded by the Prince of Monaco. Minateda, the scene of his researches, is in eastern Spain.*]

From *L'Anthropologie*
(Scientific Bi-Monthly)

Some three kilometres to the north of the village of Minateda and about a kilometre and a half from the ancient home of primitive man which goes by the same name, there is a valley known as the Rinconada del Canalizo el Rayo, opening out to the east and edged with small caves under its rocky edges. In their neighborhood extends a large space where once primitive man found shelter, with tools of quartzite or flint. Two of these shelters contain vestiges of rock paintings of no great importance — a brown doe done in realistic style in the first and traces of another similar drawing, sketched over some conventionalized figures of men, in the second.

Overhanging the village of Minateda rises a sheer height, the Cerro de Cabeza Llana, almost entirely separated from the neighboring plateau by the ravine of the Mortaja. The ravine has a northerly direction at first, and then turns sharply to the southeast.

In its first section I found figures painted in two shelters, the style more or less conventional, all later than the Old Stone Age. In the part called La Higuera I found a series of animal figures, among which one can make out stags and perhaps animals of the dog family, as well as outlined human figures in the form of the Greek letter ϕ, and other types no less conventional. The second shelter yields a figure of a canine of some sort, a human figure, and a double bow.

Another painted shelter of minor importance is situated on the south side of the Cerro de Cabeza Llana. A small number of figures exists there, among them an outline in the form of a reversed figure Y, two human figures of neolithic appearance and reddish-brown in color, several other brown ones, perhaps earlier in date, and two human figures, not very correct but rather animated, one of which carries a bow, while the other has the head surmounted by long curved horns, as well as several little signs in the shape of an overturned E.

But the principal painted shelter of Minateda opens like a balcony to the southeast, above the point where the barranco of the Mortaja enters the plain. It takes a rough climb to reach it, scrambling forty metres up the right side of the ravine. Here and there I observed bits of scattered silex, the only vestiges of the sojourn of the painter who decorated the rock.

It is about twenty-five metres long, with a depth of about seven metres and a maximum height of four. The painted zone, lower at its extremities, measures nineteen metres. It is concave on the left side and vertical on the right side, where the figures are placed at a height

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of two metres, so that a ladder is required to trace them.

The rock, with its rugged and irregular surface, is a calcareous sandstone, rather coarse and full of little pebbles. As is almost always the case in such conditions, it has been reddened by prolonged oxidation, so that at first view only the black paintings stand out clearly, and the figures have to be moistened for detailed study.

A detailed description of all the rock paintings in the shelter would take a whole book, which I intend to publish when occasion offers; and for the present we must content ourselves with describing the various sets of pictures belonging to the three distinct layers which I have been able to make out, one superposed upon another, following as exactly as possible their successive order in time: —

(1) Small figures of men and animals in clear, flat red, sometimes brown, very incorrectly drawn, and sometimes very much conventionalized — the most ancient of all.

(2) Large figures of men and animals in flat red.

(3) Figures of men and animals in flat black or brownish black.

(4) Large figures of men and animals outlined with thin strokes in red.

(5) Sketches of small men and animals and large human forms in black and brown, with highly attenuated figures.

(6) Outlines of men and animals filled in with fine lines indicating the form.

(7) Figures partially filled in with flat color and incomplete lines, and with narrower parallel bands.

(8) Figures in smooth red-brown, often deep in color.

(9) Animals in several colors.

(10) Animals in smooth brown and correctly drawn people in smooth black-brown (second brown series).

(11) Animals and men in deep brown or smooth black, sometimes correctly drawn, often showing clear evidence of decadence.

(12) Animals and men in black, brown, sometimes smooth red, clearly degenerating from an artistic standpoint.

(13) Figures of men or animals in black or red-brown, wholly conventional, with which the degeneration of the art becomes an accomplished fact.

The complexity of the pictorial palimpsest at Minateda is very great; all the rock-painting techniques of similarly painted caves are collected and superposed upon one another here, and there are others, besides, which are quite new. It is an unequalled document of the evolution in eastern Spain of art as it existed in the Upper Palæolithic and in the period which immediately followed.

Among the human figures of the first series one can make out two groups, of which those with the clearest color seem to be the most ancient. Forty-two figures of the first group can be counted, besides a few more that are less exactly drawn and extremely simplified. Among the latter are twenty-one archers, seventeen of whom carry small bows with a simple curve, three, larger bows, and one, a double-curved bow. The arrows represented are usually straight lines, and only once does a double-pronged point appear. Among other arms a club may be mentioned, as well as three curved objects, perhaps boomerangs. Only one individual has an ankle ornament. Among the figures more deeply graven can be counted thirteen simple little bows, one larger bow, two with the double curve, one small, the other large, six simple arrows, two with *lauriforme* points, nine boomerangs, and one lance. Two men are wearing what appear to be double plumes on their heads.

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The treatment of the body and head in these little silhouettes is rudimentary; the head, sometimes represented merely by a line, is more often marked by a slight thickening or by an oval, circular, or sometimes even triangular patch, while the limbs and body, represented only by a line in several silhouettes, more often present a rudimentary lump. Occasionally one can make out a very fat individual.

The grouping of the figures into scenes is undeniable; there are scenes of war and of the hunt, and in one place two clearly drawn men seem with brandished arms to menace two other figures. The attitude of the archers is altogether false and conventional, for they are usually represented holding the bow at arm's length ready to let fly the arrow, which is merely a prolongation of the line of the arm. The other hand usually brandishes a small, narrow, curved object, perhaps a boomerang. Only once are both arms used to hold the bow.

Very few of the human figures in smooth, light red have escaped more or less complete retouching. Like the human figures, the drawings of animals in this series are done in the naturalistic style, although they are normally derived from those of the first series. The two most important figures of this level, in my opinion, certainly represent two rhinoceroses.

Although the little human figures in black or brown-black are usually very small, they are fairly accurate. Their armament consists of three large bows with a simple curve and two with a double curve. One of the archers plainly carries a quiver. One of the figures has a headdress in the form of a two-horned cap, another has two great plumes on the head, and a third displays a short mass of hair on the nape of the neck. Ornaments on the knee appear twice, and one of the men seems to be wearing pantaloons. The study of the form of the body and the masses of muscle is often rather advanced. The greater part of the animals are small like the men, and the style is frankly naturalistic. Some of the figures are hard to assign to a period, because of the analogies of the technique in the third and the tenth series.

To the large figures drawn in red with thin strokes only one complete human figure can be assigned, representing a woman dressed in a robe striped with a few vertical strokes. On her breast one can see a pendent ornament. The animal figures of this series have great theoretic importance, since they can for the most part scarcely be distinguished from the most ancient Magdalenian art of the Cantabrian caves or from the most ancient level of red drawings of Santander—both in Northern Spain. The identity that we recognize between the figures of this series and those of certain periods in the Cantabrian region leads to the conclusion that a Northern influence was exerted upon the development of the native art, which we saw beginning in such primitive fashion in the first series. A new element is introduced in the substitution of line tracing for the flat tones hitherto employed.

In the figures drawn with black lines (sometimes brown or red) the ensemble has not been well kept. Only two can be assigned with certainty, but there are others which probably should be. In general they are large figures, their bodies drawn with lines and some cross strokes to fill them in, and their heads like mushrooms.

The sixth group, men and animals filled in with fine lines, includes the largest human silhouettes of Minateda and the most perfect images yet discovered among palæolithic representations of humanity. Nine are grouped toward the centre of the shelter, to-

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gether with four others which are slightly different. Another stands quite alone — an archer, drawing a bow with simple curve, different from the great bows carried by the eight warriors of the first group, which are very complicated, highly concave in the centre between the two convexities, and with tips turned up at the extremity. The cord is never represented, and while the archer brandishes the bow with one hand, the other hand ordinarily holds an arrow.

Of the ornaments on arm or leg, the most frequent is one fastened on the ankle, often on one side only. The garter worn at the knee is less frequent, and an ornament is sometimes seen also on the upper part of the calf. Shoulder ornaments appear only twice, and then only on the right arm. The body, traced with delicately studied contours, has the space between the lines slightly tinted in color, but almost wholly filled with fine parallel lines. These silhouettes express movement in an extraordinary way and present an exactness of form and proportion superior to anything yet accomplished in palæolithic art, though we may make an exception in favor of the man sculptured in low relief at Laussel.

A curious group, executed in a different style, probably represents an athletic contest. At the left an incurved and elongated stroke ends in a head above and a blunt point below. Two other subjects seem to represent struggling men, one of whom has just overthrown his adversary, who lies prone on the earth, his conqueror standing over him. The winner has an enormous, grotesque head with jutting eyebrows, low forehead, long hair, one ear visible behind the back of the head, and a large, protruding nose. The same decadence appears in the animal figures as in the human figures, but in them there still linger recollections of the naturalistic art, especially in the expression of movement. The color employed is usually black, but sometimes red. We may mention one drawing representing a galloping horse, if we may judge by the head and the color, with forefeet well drawn and the body indicated by a line joining them to a single hind leg. There are neither ears nor tail. All this, taken together, constitutes a definite transition toward the last series.

The figures of the thirteenth series, which are in various colors, are wholly conventionalized. We have mentioned the tendency toward extreme simplification of the human figure which showed itself in the earliest series of drawings. There are here twenty-five drawings, mostly black or very deep brown, closely related to the conventionalized art of the Post-Palæolithic, and which, by the frequency with which they are drawn *over* the other figures, are obviously the youngest figures in the shelter. Two, standing close together, are a little less distinct from the realistic type than the others, for the proportions are still kept; but a group of eleven others — of which a group of three and another of four juxtaposed individuals stand side by side — are represented by a line for the body, with a few reliefs of the trunk sometimes given, and often crowned with a pear-shaped, globular head, while symmetrical rudimentary limbs run out on each side. In another family of five figures — three of which, grouped together, represent similar seated individuals — the arms and legs are transformed into a series of zigzag stripes, which tend to increase in number, as in certain figures in Estremadura, Andalusia, and Asturias.

Among the conventionalized and other animal figures may be mentioned a small wild goat, a little duck, and a wounded animal with three legs sticking up in the air and the ear marked below the line of the body. There are

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also two or three comb-shaped figures, a queer design like a pipe with a few strokes coming out, and some small and extremely simple nail-shaped signs with arched or serpentine shafts. These modest vestiges are all that remains, in the final epoch, of an art that has wholly decayed.

It may be asked whether any logical relation can be established amid the numerous series of figures executed according to diverse techniques which we have just summarized. To me the most plausible views seem to be about as follows: —

The first series, indisputably the most ancient, presents all the characteristics of an art in its mere beginnings, modest in the extreme, still hesitating between realism and conventionality and varying between them. In the second and third series we find the art of eastern Spain already completely defined in all its fundamental characteristics, and such that it will maintain itself with more or less excellence during the later phases. A northern influence from the animal art of the caverns of Cantabria and the Pyrenees is already hinted at. This influence is especially evident in the fourth and fifth series, where the traced outline is substituted for the figure in solid tint. Several of the animals in these groups can be juxtaposed with other images from the caverns of the old Magdalenian of the Pasiega and other caves of the province of Santander.

Outline drawings and others filled in with lines — which are at first fine and then farther apart, while the contour becomes more distinct — follow out their line of evolution in the sixth and seventh. With the eighth, flat color comes into fashion and traces of degeneration appear. The ninth, with its attempts to employ several colors, is the series to which it is most difficult to assign dates, at least in relation to the two preceding, with which it has no points of contact. It might be dropped out altogether.

In the tenth series, which begins again the technique of the third, the decadence is clearly marked, and it is swiftly accentuated in the eleventh and twelfth, which grow more and more conventional and schematic and reach their consummation in the disappearance of all feeling for form and in the reign of the conventional art of the third.

One may fall into frequent errors of detail in the effort to attribute one figure or another to a determined series; but we do not think that anyone, in taking up anew the analysis which we have tried to make and realizing all its difficulty, will reach conclusions which differ to any extent. In any event, it has seemed a duty to make this effort and to point out the method to be employed, whether in completing or correcting the results, in order to establish the chief lines of evolution of an art which developed parallel with that of our Reindeer Age, but among surroundings which gave it its special character.

This places it, by an astounding parallelism, close to the art of the Bushman paintings of South Africa. It is desirable that someone should attempt to apply to these an analytic method of the same sort. It would certainly yield interesting results and would no doubt permit one to observe the different phases, several of which no doubt go back to a very remote age.

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WHITHER BOUND?

CAILLAUX'S QUERY

[When the political pendulum swings back in Europe, as it will in obedience to the law of pendulums, will it return to prestige and position men who were regarded during the war as lukewarm toward that conflict, and therefore disloyal to their country? Giolitti, who stood close to this group, has again been Premier of Italy since the war; and his immediate predecessor, Nitti, has written a book, reviewed in the Living Age *of December 24, that repudiates Europe's post-war policy, if not her war policy. Ex-Premier Caillaux, a French Radical-Pacifist and reputed pro-German, belongs to the first group mentioned. We publish two reviews of his last book,* Où va la France? Où va l'Europe? *The first is unsigned, from* The Nation and the Athenæum *of March 4; the second is by Concetto Pettinato, the Paris correspondent of Giolitti's organ,* La Stampa, *of March 11.]*

I

We have each of us his own way of emphasizing and underlining events in contemporary history. For our part, we have always reckoned the murder of Jean Jaurès among the decisive happenings of the war period. It is inevitable that one should personify nations in their greatest men. A nation must have a voice and a standard bearer. One man, indeed, may rarely represent her adequately, and each current of opinion will make its choice. In some periods and in some countries one does not hesitate, even when the great man is out of power. Germany in our fathers' day was Bismarck, but it was also Bebel; and Gladstone, while he lived, was for most of the Continent the voice of England.

It does not matter very greatly, in deciding one's habitual feeling towards a given people, whether its ideal self is actually in control of its destinies. We never used to think of the Tsar or of any Russian statesman as Russia. Russia, for us, was always its humane, protesting intelligentsia, the spirit of its literature and its art; neither Tolstoi, nor Chekhov, nor Gor'kii, nor Ropin, but a mind which had all these facets. One might feel bitter and angry over the daily doings of the Russian Empire, but one could not cherish an unkindly feeling toward the Russian people.

In our own recollection we had for many years this same dual feeling toward France. From the Dreyfus case to the end of the Moroccan affair, with the ugly thread of the Tsarist alliance running through it all, we were often the sharp critics of official France. But we never had a sense of estrangement. Here was a sister people in whose policy there was the usual mixture of good and evil, and the good was often noble, eloquent, and brave.

For many years we never missed reading *L'Humanité*, while Jaurès wrote for it. Here was a great Frenchman who was also a great European — a thinker of immense power and insight, who also was wholly free from the national egoism which alone in the end limits the understanding of peoples. When he was murdered, this ideal France became for us nearly inarticulate; and when a Parisian jury acquitted the assassin, it was as though France had herself strangled her own soul.

We do not mean to undervalue men like Anatole France, Romain Rolland, and Barbusse. But one cannot think of them as active leaders who really influence policy, as Jaurès, even in op-

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position, often did. It is this lack of any spiritual contact which, for progressive Englishmen, has made the jars and misunderstandings of recent years so painful and so dangerous. A Clemenceau, a Poincaré, or a Tardieu spoke or wrote for France. There was no other voice strong enough to carry across the Channel.

By these same personal or sectional standards of measurement, we count the appearance of a notable book by M. Caillaux as a considerable event. For us the contact is reëstablished. The sense of total estrangement is at an end. For the first time in many years we have read in French — lucid and sometimes eloquent French — a handling of the current problems from the standpoint of an open-minded democrat. It is a book which treats our European civilization, imperiled and betrayed as it is, as a common possession, to be entrusted to the best minds of all the peoples of our riven and divided society.

We never, at the worst, — at all events since the Armistice, — quite lost that feeling about the Germans. They were thinking internationally. They produced books, like those of Rathenau, which were important for us all. In their bold social reforms and experiments they were even pioneers who might be clearing paths for us all.

Here at last is a book which shows that the French, in their turn, are not wholly absorbed in their nationalism; and it is a book by a man who was before his misfortunes or his mistakes perhaps the most influential of practical politicians, with a mind so powerful and daring that it is hard to think of him as a permanently lost leader. Its distinguishing quality is for us its openness of mind. Neither historic feuds, nor frontiers, nor party ties limit its outlook. It discerns the need for fundamental social change. It has the courage to say that the choice before Europe is one between a slow lapse into barbaric poverty on the one hand, and a reconstruction so bold that he even uses the word 'revolution' to describe it.

With varying degrees of clearness, and with many individual caprices in shading, most of us have drawn for ourselves something like the picture which M. Caillaux presents of European society. The mountain of debt overhangs the whole landscape. He shows us a foreground broken up by national egoism into meaningless, isolated patches. We are all familiar with the phenomenon of 'Balkanization' in Central Europe and the East. But M. Caillaux dwells on the extent to which even the Western countries have striven to become, or have been forced to become, self-sufficing 'universal providers.'

It happened partly under the disguise of strategic thinking. We were all to become independent of each other with a view to the next war. It was due on the Continent as often to the difficulty of purchasing abroad with a dilapidated currency. The result is that the old international division of labor has broken down. Each country strives to produce every conceivable commodity within its own frontiers. The mania of wishing to sell without buying is universal. France has plunged into still higher protectionism, and has managed her fiscal policy so badly that in two years she has failed to renew a single commercial treaty.

At home, most clearly of all in the case of France, the fundamental political fact is government by a plutocracy. The banks control the press, and the press intimidates the Chamber. Such small attempt as has been made to balance the budget by new taxation has been solely by indirect taxes. Inflation and the printing press have, in their turn, imposed a sort of indirect

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tax of the most undiscriminating kind, which falls primarily on the wage-earners and the small middle class. Everywhere democracy is depressed and oppressed, and power is in the hands of a small financial oligarchy.

The German scene, as the first effects of the democratic revolution wear off, threatens to become as dismal as the French. The salient fact is the continuous growth of the trust system; and the typical combination of Herr Stinnes lays its hands, not merely on coal and iron, electricity, and transport, but prepares also the complete enslavement of the mind of the people, with its paper cartel, its hundred kept newspapers, and its inroad — for this is the latest development — into the publishing trade.

M. Caillaux wrote before the plans for Genoa were known, or he might have completed his survey by describing the new international 'skyscraper' which combines the trusts across the frontiers. His sketch is filled in with ruthless studies of French national finance, and of the general impoverishment.

There are two possible attitudes to such a picture, and, like most of us, M. Caillaux adopts them both. He is prepared, with wise reservations, to take a Marxist reading of history. It is for him not so much a 'divine tactic' as an economic process. One may trace, readily enough, the inevitable steps by which capitalism has evolved toward its most elaborate stage — the 'vertical trust,' that is, the Stinnes organization, which includes every process and every subsidiary trade involved in the transition from raw iron and coal to the completed electrical instrument.

If you follow this line of thinking, you seem to march toward the hopeless enslavement of our Continent. And that is going on. Nowhere is the actual movement towards the reality of democracy. Labor is beaten in every battle, and only this week the engineering employers throw down a challenge on workshop control. In Germany the eight-hour law, unemployed insurance, and the nationalized railways are all in danger. In France the trade-unions scarcely exist any longer as a fighting force. If Genoa marks a step towards freer trade and the lowering of frontier barriers, it also threatens to extend the international trust across them.

Against all this M. Caillaux makes his democratic protest. He examines many possible solutions. He rejects Communism. He is not attracted by Rathenau's Utopia of the controlled trust, partly because he dislikes too much regimentation, and partly because, as he argues very shrewdly, the trust magnate on any mixed board of control would be more than a match for the bureaucrat and the workmen's representative. He has his own eclectic remedy, which begins with free trade and economic internationalism, and goes on to a sort of modified Guild Socialism. He thinks the Soviet idea of direct professional representation has its place under a political Parliament. He would adopt the 'Grasmere' idea of confining the rewards of 'passive' capital to a fixed rate of interest. He would give control of industry to all the active workers, from the managing director down to the laborer. He thinks some form of levy on capital may be feasible.

All this the sympathetic reader will follow with much interest, if only because it is one of the first signs of the irruption of this new thought into the practical politics of France. The construction, though inspiring, is too slight for detailed criticism. To our minds it raises a broader question. The economic determinism of the diagnosis and the idealism of the prescription stand in sharp contrast. One passes from the one to the other with the uneasy sense

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of a leap, a *saltus*, over an unbridged chasm in nature.

We see the forces at work, mechanical, economic forces, which have made the trust, and the reign of the plutocracy. We feel within ourselves the revolt of the ideal, of the will, of the imagination, which desire to shape the new society. But what economic forces aid us? There is no answer, save that sovereign democracy may legislate. But the analysis has already dethroned it. It is the democracy whose mind is formed by the corrupt, bank-ridden, boulevard press of France, the trust-owned press of Germany, the intellect-destroying Sunday press of England.

If it is hard in this actual world to conceive democratic control within the trust, it is at least as hard to imagine in France, and not too easy in England, a Ministry inspired by these ideals wrestling successfully with City and Press and federated Capital. A triumphant democratic tactic must somehow bring together the economic forces and the popular ideal: There, it seems to us, we all fail, socialists and radicals alike. What we await is a reconciliation of political mechanics with social ethics.

II

After the analyses of Europe's situation so ably made of late by Keynes, Rathenau, our own Carli, and others, there is not much that is new to be written on this subject. None the less, what Caillaux has to say in his limpid and fervid style is interesting and worthy of attention. Caillaux himself, in my opinion, possesses one of the broadest and clearest-thinking minds in contemporary France, and his political career is not yet over.

I need hardly say that he is a total skeptic regarding French indemnities from Germany. He thinks his country will be most fortunate if she secures even the partial reconstruction of her devastated territory by German labor and German deliveries in kind. The Wiesbaden accords were a flash of good sense in the darkness of universal madness; but the Government did not dare to make as full use of this opportunity as might have been desirable. The direct aid of German labor in rebuilding the devastated regions was rejected for sentimental reasons. The nation must not lose sight of the fact that the maximum quantity of physical goods that France can take from Germany without endangering her own industries will never exceed the value of thirty or forty billion francs. It is vain to hope for a cancellation of the thirty billion gold francs that France owes England and the United States. The only way to pay that debt will be to turn over to those countries an equivalent portion of the indemnities anticipated from Germany.

However, in Caillaux's opinion these adjustments, and others like them, are of comparatively minor importance when viewing Europe's situation as a whole. The embarrassment of France is due to the embarrassment of the whole Continent, and the two questions cannot be treated separately. Furthermore, the different problems that vex Europe to-day cannot be solved singly, without regard for their complex interrelation.

Europe's war debts might be carried, if they were pooled, and if their redemption were provided for by a general impost upon the wealth of each country in proportion to its respective resources. Exchange might be stabilized by stimulating the production of gold, adopting bimetallism, and creating a great central bank for Europe that would absorb all the present banks

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of issue and substitute for their notes new notes current throughout the Continent. Intra-European customs-duties should be lowered, and new and liberal commercial treaties signed. The concentration and coördination of industry should be favored, and every encouragement given to closer coöperation among employers, engineers, salaried workers, and wage-earners. But the ills that threaten the life of Europe cannot be healed by such devices alone. They will recur at the first favorable opportunity, more violent than ever.

The great problem on which the fate of the world hangs is not a problem of details, but a general problem. We must once for all harmonize our political institutions with our economic necessities. Economic forces left to their sweet will have formed governments within governments. The great captains of industry hold Europe in their fists.

'Vertical' or 'horizontal' trusts are erecting their feudal strongholds in the heart of wrecked and ruined Europe, just as the feudal barons of the Middle Ages built their castles on the ruins of the barbarian-ravaged Roman Empire. Iron and steel lords, coal lords, petroleum lords, are the dukes and robber barons of a new Middle Age. Their fallacious prosperity is a poisonous illusion. Their frenzy for production leads to the haphazard output of mountains of merchandise, that lie heavy and undigested on the world market the moment the slightest disorganization of exchange checks their sale. Nine times out of ten the fallacious prosperity of these trusts is due to the existence of high tariff walls, behind which nations suffocate. Armed against each other, these industrial dukes and barons are the sole beneficiaries of a feudal anarchy resembling that in France in the tenth and eleventh centuries; while laborers and consumers are becoming serfs attached to these industrial domains.

None the less, the economic system that has produced these industrial lords might be a blessing to the world, were production not chaotic, and did not its present unbridled impulses tend to lower prices persistently instead of stabilizing them; were the world's leaders willing to make the sacrifice required to restore public solvency, and determined to end the excessive issue of paper money; and were workingmen, salaried employees, and technical experts allowed to participate in the administration and the profits of the enterprises they serve. But so long as the present economic chaos continues, it will inevitably produce new wars, with the object of conquering new markets and finding outlets for accumulated goods.

These future disasters are the more inevitable, precisely because scientific discoveries and inventions follow on the heels of each other at an increasingly dizzy pace, changing almost overnight the competitive relations between industries and industrial countries, and radically reversing the productive powers of different lands. Consider merely what the effect might be were some other fuel or source of power to be substituted suddenly for coal! Consequently the world is living in an age of acute economic instability, and that instability is fearfully aggravated by the present subdivision of Europe into trade-tight compartments; for that necessarily aggravates industrial and commercial anarchy and multiplies its tragedies.

Caillaux conceives that the remedy or palliative for this condition is the erection in every country of an economic government directly subordinate to the political government, and then the federation of these economic governments into a European league.

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Caillaux does not anticipate, as do certain other writers, that Parliaments will in time become mere representatives of industrial groups. But he agrees with these writers to the point of affirming that no permanent social improvement can be brought about, until we recognize the irresistible attraction that the idea of the direct participation of the proletariat in the administration of the government now has for the multitude; in final analysis, until we realize that Sovietism has come to stay. But Caillaux would continue Parliaments in their present form, rigorously confining them, however, to political matters. Economic legislation should originate exclusively in special bodies — in an 'economic Parliament.' This is a plan of Soviet origin that was tried ineffectively by the Bolsheviki in Hungary, and has been studied and debated interminably in Germany. Caillaux does not shrink from recognizing that we shall arrive in time at a synthesis of Russian Sovietism with Western democracy.

Caillaux foresees the nation of tomorrow gathered about a great Economic State Council, consisting mainly of representatives of brain workers and hand workers elected by trade-unions and other organizations. The sole function of the Economic State Council will be to draft laws relating to industries and business, and to submit them to the regular Parliament. The political Parliament will have the right to accept or reject laws proposed by the Economic State Council; but it will not have the right to amend these proposals. The Economic State Council will have the right to issue administrative regulations under the statutes that it has drafted and that have been adopted by Parliament, following the precedent of our present executive departments. Parliament's principal function will be to safeguard the nation from imprudent legislation subserving unfairly the interests of a particular industrial group.

It naturally follows, if we are to avoid the recurrence of war, that from the very outset there must be a confederation of the Economic State Councils of all important nations. The function of this Federal or International Council shall be to equalize the balances, favorable or adverse, between different countries, by agreements and ordinances drafted from a European and not from a purely national standpoint; to unify the currency of Europe; to ration raw materials, with a view to the greatest good of the greatest number; to control ports and harbors serving jointly several countries; to regulate harbor dues, tariffs, customs duties, and transportation; to provide for the wise conservation of natural resources; to secure for all countries the benefits of scientific discoveries and inventions; and to deal with a multitude of similar questions, finally resulting in an economic and financial code having the force of law throughout all Europe.

In a word, Caillaux wishes a United States of Europe; but an economic, not a political, United States. He hopes thus to avoid alarming patriotic prejudices and jealousies. Still, he himself immediately recognizes that the political impenetrability of different countries in respect to each other is principally a result of their economic impenetrability. If we can eliminate the second, we shall to a great extent eliminate the first. Another point. The writer can think of no better agency than a political party for attaining this international economic coöperation that he considers so supremely desirable. That looks like begging the question, like assuming that we can reach by political action a degree of economic coöperation that we cannot reach in respect to political affairs.

But all this is secondary. It is more

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interesting to observe that the political party he selects to perform this service is the Radical Democrats. The destruction of the Central Empires, and the Empire of the Tsar, has, he says, sealed the triumph of the long struggle conducted by the Democrats of Europe during the last fifty years. The future of the Continent depends on a new effort to be made by the same groups, but directed toward economic and social objects, instead of toward political objects.

When Caillaux speaks of democracy and radicalism, he means France; for he believes that, in spite of appearances, and in spite of all that the Nationalists have been able to do to heap the Republic with odium and unpopularity, the Republic has survived, has preserved herself and her institutions and her democratic traditions through the tempest that convulsed the world. Most readers, both inside and outside of France, will receive this statement with doubt and incredulity. But, as I am well aware, there are men in Paris who believe that the fortunes of Radicalism are more in the ascendant than the masses see. The recent purchase of *Figaro* by representatives of that party is merely one straw that shows the direction in which the wind is blowing.

THE CONVENIENT ENEMY

BY NICHOLAS HAYES

From the *Dublin Weekly Freeman, March 25*
(DUBLIN FREE STATE NEWSPAPER)

COMING home that afternoon, Paidin was in great form. From dawn onward, the day had been an excellent day. He had wakened fresh, and hopped out of bed at the first call, before it occurred to him to be sleepy-headed; and then there was an egg just right, not half-cold and too hard, and a whole three quarters of an hour free before school-time.

Moreover, his mother — Mums was the name he had for her — was in good humor, not worried-looking and a bit sharp as she had often been since the Black and Tans began coming round, and Dads was not staying in the house at night. He knew — for Paidin knew a good deal more than Mums thought he knew — that this meant that Dads was in some safe place for the time being. Therefore he was happy during the half-hour's game before the bell rang; and when a lorry of military passed by and some of the boys ran towards the schoolhouse, he was not a bit afraid. His exercise had been nearly right, also, and the master had only dropped on him once in connection with a slight dispute over the ownership of a piece of rubber. Even then he had not got a slap.

After school, an important matter had been settled. Seumas Casey, who was the leader of a flying-column in opposition to that to which Paidin belonged, had stated publicly that the

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Black and Tans were more afraid of his father than they were of Paidin's. They had it out in the blank space behind the schoolhouse, where the Carnegie Library used to be until it was burned down; and at the end they agreed that their fathers were equally great, and Paidin swapped his half-solid ball with a hole in it for a hurling-ball of Seumas's that only needed stitching to be as good as new.

This discussion and the ensuing peace-agreement had not taken very long, so that Paidin knew he was nearly in time for his dinner, as he trotted gayly down the hilly lane into the main — and only — street of the little town. He did not mind the bruise on his cheek that he had got from Seumas, because they were friends now; and he gave a cheer to himself as he passed the charred ruins of the police barrack at the corner of the lane.

It was a lovely, sunshiny day, with no clouds in the blue sky and a sort of gold-dusty haze along the winding street. That meant a whole evening's fun, if there were no ambushes or anything, and he thought he would get Seumas to join with him in forming a new flying-column that would be invincible; and the next day would be a holiday, and that meant the whole day.

These prospects occupied him until he came in sight of home, the roomy provision-shop where there were so many interesting things besides provisions. He only stopped in it long enough to wheedle a lump of sugar out of Jem, the assistant, and then clattered upstairs.

The tragedy was waiting for him there. It had just been taken out of the parcel, and his mother and Aunt Margaret were gloating over it. They cried out in joy as he came into the room. He was aware of the honor at once, but pretended not to notice anything, throwing his bag on the chair and taking his place at the table just as usual.

'Look, Paidin,' said his mother, delighted, 'what Aunt Nellie has sent you from Dublin!' Paidin looked; and the suit, held out like that, was worse even than his first fleeting impression. He said nothing.

'Try on the coat,' cried Aunt Margaret. 'I 'm sure 't will fit like a glove!'

There were times when Paidin hated Aunt Margaret. She could n't mind her own business. If he had only Mums to deal with, he might get out of it; but here was Aunt Margaret butting in.

He temporized. 'It's too small,' he said. 'It would n't go on me at all.'

'Try,' they said together. That was grown-up people all over. They would n't take a fellow's word, and a fellow ought to know what would fit him.

'Is my dinner in the oven?' asked Paidin, trying to look pale and hungry. It was no use. 'It won't spoil for a minute,' said his mother. 'Come, now, and on with the coat.'

In vain he hunched up his shoulders and stretched his arms to show how short the sleeves were. They made him stand straight, and squared his shoulders, and smoothed him down, and went into ecstasies over the fit and the set and the cut and the material. He wished Dads were there. Women could n't understand these things. The corners of his mouth went down, and moisture gathered in his eyes.

'It 'll be lovely,' said Aunt Margaret, 'with the broad collar and his new brown shoes and stockings.'

'And all ready to wear to Mass tomorrow,' added his mother.

This sudden treachery of Mums was the last straw. The tears brimmed, and both the women, astonished, wanted to know what was the matter.

'Not to-morrow, Mums,' said Paidin, choking, in a last desperate attempt to postpone the real issue.

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'But why, Paidin?' they cried in their ignorance. 'What 's the matter with it?'

It had to come out. 'It 's — it 's velvet!' said Paidin.

And even then they could n't understand. They went on and talked. They said it was thankful he should be that he was lucky enough to have an Aunt Nellie in Dublin to send him nice clothes when times were so hard for everybody, and that most boys would be only too glad to be clean and respectable-looking on a holiday, and did he always want to be looking like a ragamuffin, and you never could get good of boys, and he was n't to be nonsensical, and a whole lot more like that. And then they told him to go on and hurry up with his dinner, as if it were n't they and the old suit that had caused all the trouble and delay.

He did not enjoy his dinner, and when he went out afterwards the whole aspect of the day was changed. He did not care whether the sky became clouded or not, and he no longer wanted to meet Seumas or any of the fellows. He went down by another lane towards the river and along the bank to a secret place that he had, where the bushes curved, like a cave, round and over a tiny corner of gravelly shore. This is where he generally came to relish his special joys or to grieve over his deeper troubles, and to-day it was an out-and-out sanctuary of despair.

A velvet suit with embroidery on it! And they would make him wear it to-morrow! His usual Sunday blue-serge was bad enough, because they expected him to go through the day without getting either mud or dust on it; but at any rate it looked like a man's clothes. But velvet — and embroidery! What was the good of his fighting Seumas to an honorable draw, or of his being one of the best hurlers in the school, if everybody was to see him dressed up like a girl to-morrow! It was no use trying to explain things like that to women. They laughed at you, or got mad and talked. Why could n't Aunt Nellie keep her presents to herself? And what call had Aunt Margaret to interfere at all? It was all their fault, because, of course, Mums, being Mums, could do no wrong.

Boys, he remembered, had been known to run away from home to avoid some dreadful punishment and humiliation. What would they say if he did not turn up to tea? Would they be sorry they had insisted on his wearing the velvet suit? Then he also remembered the state Mums had been in a fortnight ago when he was late for tea and the Black and Tans had been in the town. He did not want to see her that way again. It seemed that there was no way out.

A dark air of misery dwelt upon him as he turned into the house towards six o'clock. Jem rattled a couple of lumps in the sugar scoop and grinned. He had evidently heard something during the afternoon. 'I believe you 're going to be a great swell to-morrow, Paidin,' he said. Paidin scowled at him and went upstairs.

I regret to have to place it on record that during tea Paidin sulked altogether. The atmosphere at the tea table was not very gay. No attempt was made either to console him or to laugh at him, and the suit was not mentioned. His mother was silent and thoughtful, quite different from what she had been earlier in the day, and Aunt Margaret seemed nervous and excited. Paidin knew from the symptoms that something was afoot. Something more important to the grown-ups than his case. He was consumed with curiosity, but his grievance and his dignity would not allow him to show it.

About an hour after tea, when the

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shop was closed, he understood; for he saw Jem go out the back way with his overcoat on, and then his mother locked all the doors and came, still silent, to sit and sew beside Aunt Margaret in the room where he was doing his exercise at the white reading-lamp. From all these signs he knew that Jem must have been mobilized for to-night and would likely be in a scrap with the Black and Tans or the military before morning. He was sorry, therefore, that he had scowled at him earlier, because Jem was good and brave, even if he did laugh at a fellow's troubles.

The new development took his mind off those troubles for a while, but not for long. By bedtime he had exhausted the possibilities of what might be happening in the neighborhood during the night, and had fallen back into despairing conjectures of the figure he would cut in the morning and what the boys would be saying. He thought of making another appeal to Mums as he went to bed, but she looked so worried that he did not dare.

When, later on, he found himself sitting up in the dark, listening to the banging on the door and the shouts in the street, and the agitated voices of the women in the next room, Paidin did not know how long he had slept. He did not have time to think much about it, either; for the next moment he heard Aunt Margaret running down the stairs, while his mother, with a dark cloak thrown over her nightdress, came in to him and sat on the side of his bed, putting her arms round him. She was very pale and trembling a little, but she spoke quite bravely. 'It 's all right, Paidin,' said she. 'Don't be frightened.' He was very proud of her.

'I'm not frightened, Mums,' he said. 'It's the Black and Tans, is n't it?'

'Yes, Paidin.' She breathed quickly. 'But you don't know anything about anyone, do you?'

'Me?' said Paidin. 'Oh, no!' And, forgetting his sulks, he hugged her and grinned at her.

Then the shouts that had been outside in the street were in the house, filling it with obscene clamor. 'Poor Peg!' cried Mums; and Paidin heard Aunt Margaret's voice raised pluckily against the storm below. The next moment they were in the room; and Mums was pulled away from him into the next bedroom, so that wife and boy could be questioned separately, at revolver-point.

And Paidin knew nothing. He achieved miracles of stupidity, standing there in the corner in his white night-shirt, and blinking as they flashed the torches in his face at every sudden question. It seemed very long that they kept him there, until an officer stamped in, swearing horribly that every woman and child was primed. Paidin was pushed back into the bed, but got up and ran to the door as soon as his tormentors had left the room. He heard sounds of looting going on through the house, and heard his mother's and aunt's voices raised in occasional protest, so that he knew they were not hurt, at any rate. The raiders were not too drunk and had not been actually violent toward the women, though they were expressing their disappointment at not finding the men they sought by taking their pick of what little valuables the house contained. Paidin slipped into the front room and watched them throwing things into a box, until an anxious cry from his mother brought him back to the rear.

They cuddled there, together with Aunt Margaret, until the last of the enemy went clattering down the stairs. It was not until the lorry had moved away and the sounds of the ribald

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chorus were dying down in the distance that they ventured down to close the doors, and then began to survey the damage and the loss. Aunt Margaret, who was always practical, had charge of this job; but Mums settled for a little while in the big armchair to hug Paidin and cry over him and tell him how brave he was, and that Dads was safe anyway, and they had n't got Jem, either, and nothing else mattered.

Paidin was very happy. There was nothing unmanly in being made a fuss over by Mums, and he knew he had faced the enemy like a real Irish soldier, and —

'Oh!' said Aunt Margaret, suddenly, pausing in the middle of her catalogue, 'they 've even taken the little suit that Nellie sent!'

Paidin said nothing. He had not wasted the few moments he spent in the front room. He only hoped that the Black and Tan who took the box away had a son of about his size.

RUMANIA'S PEASANTS

BY N. JORGA

From *La Revue de Genève, February*
(Liberal Political and Literary Monthly)

A law has just been enacted in Rumania confirming the allotment to the peasants of the land expropriated soon after the war and immediately distributed without method or equality among the cultivators. None the less, this was an act of justice — or, more properly, restitution.

Former Rumania consisted of two provinces: Wallachia in the south and Moldavia in the north. They owed their survival to the peasants, who for centuries after the fall of the Eastern Empire preserved their patriarchal institutions, political order, and the remnants of the old civilization. These peasants in 1330 rallied to defeat, in the mountains of Posada, the king of Hungary, who sought to make them his feudal subjects. Without them the bold Moldavian warrior, Steven the Great, would not have been able to resist the invading Turks.

At that time the peasants were freemen and freeholders, interested in defending to the last a land that, except for the untilled Crown domains, belonged to themselves. The peasant lived in a village reputed to have been founded by the ancestor of his clan, cultivated the fields in common with his fellows, and received from the total product of the village lands what he needed for himself and his family.

But darker days came when the peasant had to pay regular tribute in coin to the Turk. Barter was the only form of trade he knew. So to obtain ready money he borrowed from the boyars, — nobles settled on the princes' lands, — pledging as security his share of his ancestral village fields. This tract was usually detached from the communal holding in the form of a long, narrow strip.

Thus the boyars gradually got title

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to the soil. Although agriculture was still exceedingly primitive, even on the large estates, a certain amount of day labor was employed. Men could not be had for hire, and the gypsy slaves were employed only for household work. The great landlords would have been well pleased to buy the peasants themselves, but the sturdy sons of freeholders would not consent. At length, in 1595, in face of another Turk invasion, the princes of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Transylvania allied themselves with Hungary, where serfdom already existed. As a result, a law was enacted preventing the country people from changing their abode, or, as the law put it, from becoming 'vagabond.' Thereafter, the peasant was chained to the soil. Yet, though he belonged to his master, his wife and his daughters did not.

This system had its advantages. The manor lord usually possessed vast estates that he did not even know by sight. His peasant serfs owed him merely a tithe — even this was not collected on vineyards and orchards — and twelve days' labor each year. In return, the boyar paid the peasant's taxes and acted as his protector.

During the eighteenth century officials of the Grand Port, copying the Austrian system of taxation and applying in a mechanical way what they conceived to be the liberal doctrines of Western Europe, emancipated the serfs, but at the same time imposed direct taxes upon them. The emancipation was largely nominal, because the peasants still had to perform twelve days' labor annually for their former masters. In spite of the double burden thus imposed upon the cultivators of the soil, the relations between them and the nobility remained unchanged.

When the Russians intervened in 1843 to establish a new system of government in Rumania, the boyars were allowed to determine the amount of labor the peasants should perform for them annually. Although nominally emancipated, the peasants were still virtually attached to the soil.

But the new generation that grew up in the atmosphere of the Revolution of 1848 began to be agitated over the peasant question. A law passed in 1864 made it legally possible for peasants to recover the freehold title to their ancestral land in return for a moderate payment to the manor lord. But this helped little. In reality the peasants were soon worse off than ever.

By this time the boyars were accustomed to reside abroad, or, if they remained in Rumania, at Jassy or Bucharest. Their estates were let out to speculators, who exploited the peasants mercilessly. This severed the old moral and personal ties between the estate owners and the cultivators. The Government did not interfere, because it was run by the boyars. Nevertheless, the peasants, thanks to their native vigor, their school-teachers, and their priests, kept slowly moving forward. Rural banks were established, and in spite of costly errors soon had a hundred million lire of deposits. Coöperative societies were organized. Several estates of bankrupt boyars were bought by their peasant tenants. Rural schools improved. Efforts were even made to organize a peasant party, but this was defeated by the stern opposition of the landlord classes.

Local insurrections occurred from time to time and secured the cultivators still further advantages. In 1907 bloody fighting occurred. Country houses were in flame from one end of the land to another. The Conservative Cabinet had to turn over the reins of government to the Liberals, and the latter adopted a few equivocal reforms.

Notwithstanding many checks and defeats, however, the condition of the

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peasants steadily improved. When Rumania intervened in the second Balkan war, in 1913, the Liberal Party adopted a programme of agrarian reform; and four years later a law was adopted expropriating two and one half million acres for eventual allotment to the peasants. Though the enforcement of this law was interrupted by the war, it was put into effect as soon as the Germans withdrew from the country. However, by this time the peasants were not so easily satisfied. In 1921 a new law was enacted, giving every peasant the opportunity to acquire seven and one half acres of arable land, plus a proportionate quantity of meadow and woodland, and limiting private estates to a maximum of two hundred and fifty acres.

This ushers in a new era for the rural population of Rumania. We may now expect accelerated progress — the emancipation of the peasant by the peasant. The new freeholders will be obliged to organize coöperative societies and other agencies to take the place of the old estate managers. Unless they do this, they will become poorer instead of richer under their new freedom.

Those who love the industrious rural toilers of the Lower Danube have faith in their future. They are hard-headed, practical, politically competent, well-balanced, healthy, unimaginative, and contemptuous of visionary and adventurous schemes. A gifted Rumanian novelist, whose duties as a village priest have brought him into close and continuous touch with the people and their intimate thoughts and problems, has given us our best description of them.

He describes the old men of Luncusoara, who, as soon as the spring sun begins to give a little warmth, creep out of their cabins and sit on the doorway-benches, gazing at the church, where prayers will soon be said around their coffins. He compares them to those little red beetles with black polka dots that, when the first spring days come, suddenly appear close to the hedgerows where the sun shines warmest — little creatures that seem to be walking and yet standing still. The people call them 'God's oxen.' The old men of Luncusoara, when they creep out of their cabin doors into the early spring sunshine, groping about uncertainly in the door-yards, resemble these tiny beetles hunting vaguely for something they cannot find. But by the time Lent comes and the church bells begin to ring, they cluster around the door of the sanctuary, making sweeping signs of the cross as they conclude some conversation with a neighbor, begun an hour before. It is impossible to keep them away from the church; and the little folks left alone at home cry for their absent grandfather or grandmother, who is listening reverently to the Lenten service.

Here comes the drunken chanter, with whom the priest has labored long and hard to help him conquer his vice. The old man keeps losing his voice and recovering it, nervously uncertain of himself under the stress of his long abstinence. Ash Wednesday, at the supper for the dead, he is given permission to drink a glass of wine without violating his pledge. 'We are all sinners, chanter, but God's mercy is infinite,' says the priest, and tears come to his eyes to see the radiant joy that illumines the chanter's face at this sign of pardon. And when the latter sings at the end of the supper 'With the Souls of the Just,' the people look around in surprise to see who it may be. The chanter at last has recovered his former voice.

Another village character is an old woman who is constantly ferreting out little sins she has never really committed, although it soothes her conscience to confess them. Eventually she leaves

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her modest property to the church for the safety of her innocent soul. 'Please record that old Ileana's sins were as countless as the stars in Heaven, the leaves in the forest, or the grains of sand upon the seashore, and that Satan never permitted her to do a perfectly good act; but that it is her last wish that her tiny fortune and her humble cabin shall be given to the Holy Church of Luncusoara, to purchase images for the House of the Saviour and to buy a big bell.'

Beyond stand two rival candidates for the honor of mayor. They had a falling-out over politics, but the village priest has reconciled them, and one is to officiate to-day as godfather in a marriage in the other's family. A last remnant of rivalry between the two good fellows flares up when they present gifts to the fiancée. André bestows two young oxen and a fine horse; Paul gives two young heifers and a buffalo.

Here comes 'the German,' who goes about the village telling the peasants not to waste their time at church, for God never made the world. The priest eventually discovers that he is a simple old Rumanian with a taste for natural history. One day, however, 'the German' presented himself at church. I do not know whether he was chilly, or imagined that his life was drawing toward its end, or simply wished to please the priest. However that may be, he improved the occasion of the Lenten services to take Communion with the other Christians. After that, woe to the men who did not go to Confession during Lent. The women persecuted them relentlessly. 'See, you! Even that pagan "the German" took Communion. You 're the only Judas in the village.'

Then there is poor old Martin, who suffers from a mysterious malady that makes him utter fearful cries at night. His wife has left him. For years he has been bedridden, nursed and cared for by the good women of the neighborhood. He is eager to hear the Mass of the Virgin. 'Father, good Father, I 've only that favor to ask of you.'

'Gladly, Father Martin,' says the priest, placing his book on the table.

'This is what I want to ask of you. I should like to hear the acathistus.[1] It is a long, long time since I have heard it.'

'Gladly, Father Martin.'

'Yes, only I wish you would not just read it. Chant it to me as you do in the church, quite through from end to end. That is what I long to hear. I don't ask you to do it without payment. I shall pay. See,' he continued, leaning out of the bed to take a little package from its hiding-place, 'here I have three silver pieces. I have saved them up, copper by copper — little presents people have made me from time to time; for I have no more money of my own. I have been three years getting this together to pay you for chanting the acathistus.'

'I 'll sing it, Father Martin.'

The sick man half sat up. His face was radiant and a smile of joy played about his lips, for almost three hours, while the priest chanted the long canon. During all that time old Martin listened intently, the smile never for a moment leaving his face. Sometimes he would breathe heavily, not from suffering, but with a sigh of pleasure. Tears flowed from his pain-deadened eyes, dropping upon his white, unkempt beard. But he never moved. At times it seemed as if he were unconscious of what was occurring about him, as if he were in a state of ecstasy. His smile was the smile of a child. His unseeing eyes were fixed on high as if a vision of paradise opened before them. 'Ah, that's a beautiful service. It has been so many years since I heard it.'

'You 'll hear it again, Father Martin.

[1] The long canon sung to the Virgin, in the Greek Church, during the fifth week of Lent.

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Send word when you wish, and I 'll be glad to come,' said the priest.

The sick man sighed again. The smile had left his face. 'Ah, Father, it 's not so easy,' he said softly.

'Why?' asked the priest.

'Because it will take three years more for me to collect three pieces of silver again.'

But the priest told him he need not wait for that.

Another interesting old character was the aged bell-ringer, who died early in the spring. The old men pass off rapidly about the time the swallows come. At Luncusoara, as in other villages, they migrate to the other world in flocks. But the church bells were not rung at this old man's humble funeral. The widow explained by saying that he died with heavy sins on his soul.

'What sins?' asked the priest.

'Sins up in the steeple, horrible sins. He used to talk there in a loud voice and laugh, and one time he insulted the name of God. Oh, his backslidings were innumerable. He fairly surrounded the holy bells with the devil's smoke.'

Just then a little flock of lambs pushed through an opening in the hedge surrounding the cemetery. Most of them wore tiny iron bells. As they trailed down a slope in a tinkling procession, the eyes of all present followed them in silence. Capering joyously over the meadow, they sent a tinkling echo through the soft spring air. At last, taking fright at something, they beat a quick retreat through the same opening by which they had entered, joining the main flock passing down the road by the cemetery.

'So the chimes rang after all for the old bell-ringer,' said someone in the crowd, and the peasants departed in silence to their homes.

The old woman who swept the church also died last spring. Five others as old as she applied for the place. The priest selected the most aged among these — a poor lame woman. She came daily to get the church key, although there were no services, even Sundays, except during holy seasons. Finally the priest became curious. Following the old sweeper to the church, he found her praying for him and his family. The next day the priest resumed a custom that he had given up in his older years, and stealing into the church, where he passed the old sweeper praying, he himself knelt before the altar. The sweeper did not seem to notice him. She continued to pray for him and his wife and children. Nor did she express the slightest surprise when the priest thereafter appeared regularly at the church each Sunday. To be sure, the priest's wife was surprised; but she dared not show it openly. Thereafter when old Antinia came for the church keys, she would tell her it was unnecessary. The priest was already at the altar.

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THE PASSING OF THE FOLK SONG

BY E. B. OSBORN

[*Mr. Osborn is literary editor of the* London Morning Post. *His latest book,* Literature and Life, *which appeared a few months ago, is made up largely of the informal essays that he has contributed from time to time to that newspaper, which enjoys the well-earned reputation of being the best-written in London. The present little study is based on Mr. D. B. Stewart's translation of Anatole France's book,* On Life and Letters.]

From the *Morning Post, March* 24
(Tory Daily)

In all lands Love and War are the chief themes of folk song, but more especially in France, where both of these inevitable pursuits have been lifted to the plane of a fine art. Not only in their fair motherland, out of the soil of which noble wines proceed like the spirits of heroes arising (there is a claret said to be the soul of Vercingetorix — drink it and you see the magnanimous leader riding in shining armor to surrender to Julius Cæsar and so save his people!), but also along the great rivers of Quebec, I have heard the French folk songs said and sung.

In Quebec, alas! they are seldom heard to-day — the strident gramophone, chanting the music-hall ditties of Chicago and New York, has taken the place of the old-established singing man, formerly found in every Laurentian village and paid for his artistry with horns of 'w'iskey blanc,' in the high-columned camps and on the huge rafts of the stalwart lumberjacks. And in France, also, as M. Anatole France tells us in a delightful essay, folk song is now well-nigh extinct and might have passed away, leaving not even an echo in woods or fields, but for the work of pious antiquaries — like our own Cecil Sharp — who wandered through the lovely countryside, taking down the ancient words and tunes from the lips of shepherds and old women busy with the distaff. Maurice Boucher, Gabriel Vicaire, Paul Sébillot, Charles de Sivry, Henri Carnoy, Albert Meyrac, Jean-François Bladé — these are the names of a few of those who have saved for posterity the sweetest legacy of the generations that have long since vanished 'over the hills and far away,' that is, beyond the blue mountains of real time.

The same persons, the same flowers are always recurring in these old-world songs. The King's son, the poor soldier, the handsome prisoner, the wise girls who walk in threes, the love-sick girls who tell their pitiful tale (always the same tale) to Philomel and her Fountain — none of them is ever far away, any of them may be expected round the next turn of the antique melody. Roses, lilac, and, above all and before all, sweet marjoram, which is the set symbol of a secret love, a hindered and a hidden joy — what lovelier perfumes, what lovelier names, could you ask for? The nightingale sings gladly, even when the maiden speaks sadly of her lost lover; and she knows all the love-lore of the countryside, and so the little sister, the little Bressane, thus petitions her: —

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Apprends-moi z'à parler,
Apprends-moi la manière
Comment l'amour se fait.

As for marjoram, it is the gift that truly signifies true love, — the first white passion, like the blossom on the thorn, — and so it was the first thing given to the fair child coming back from Rennes with her wooden shoes: —

Il m'a donné pour étrennes
Avecque mes sabots,
Dondaine.
Un bouquet de marjolaine
Avecque mes sabots.

The infatuation of a young girl's first love is often prettily expressed in these songs, and here is a stanza of the example chosen by M. Anatole France: —

Ah! que l'amour est charmante!
Mais si ma tante ne veut pas,
Dans un couvent j'y entre.
J'y prierai Dieu pour mes parents,
Mais non pas pour ma tante.

Enter then the gallant miller, — a young lady-killer in France, not the lover busy and steadfast as his own stone-built mill of English songs, — and gayly he invites Marianne, who has brought the corn to be ground, to tie up her donkey and enter the mill. While she is inside, the donkey is eaten up by a wolf, and, touched by her tears, the miller gives her the money to buy another. But when she comes home, her father sees it is a different donkey, not Martin who went to the mill.

In another song, the Orphan of Pougan, to whom her feudal lord offers love and a pair of gloves, refuses and replies: —

Je suis simple fille des champs,
À moi n'appartient pas des gants.

Gloves, of course, are an adornment of the nobility. And when he carries her off, she throws herself into the river.

It is seldom that such simple songs show the deeps of human tragedy, and, when it is so, it is by means of one of those great touches of Nature which are the height of Art. We get this triumphant thing in a song of Haute-Savoie, which tells us how a lover on his return found his beloved on her death-bed: —

Puis elle sortit sa main blanche du lit,
Pour dire adieu à son ami.

There is nothing in that, surely, thinks the minor poet, forever seeking the unexpected, the exquisite, the by-no-means-obvious. But the great critic, like M. Anatole France, feels at once that it is the greatest poetry of all — the poetry that cries to us from the dust or calls to us from old walls of the habitations of men.

So much for Love; let the ancient trumpets sound for War. 'In all times,' writes the arch-critic, 'France has produced soldiers as La Beauce has produced grain.' The young rustic, attracted by the drummer drumming through the town, followed by soldiers, with loaves of white bread and roast partridges spitted on swords or bayonets, to show how well they lived in the army, became in the old fighting days a bird of gorgeous plumage. He changed his name as well as his clothes; formerly Jean or Pierre, he blossomed out as La Violette or La Tulipe. He did not send his sweetheart the Dutch stays she asked for, but he did not quite forget her: —

— Ah! si j'avais du papier blanc,
Dit il un jour en soupirant,
— J'en écrirais à ma maîtresse
Une lettre de compliments.

But the letter was never written, so there was nothing for the poor girl to do but seek for him even in the enemy's country. She often enlisted in order to find him, and in that event you may be sure of a happy ending. And, in conclusion, M. Anatole France introduces us to the tragical masterpiece in this mode — the story of Jean Renaud, who returns from the battle shockingly

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wounded, carrying his entrails in his hands, and seeking only death: —

— Bonjour, Renaud; bonjour, mon fils,
Ta femme est accouchée d'un fils.
— Ni de ma femm' ni de mon fils,
Je ne saurais me réjouir.

All he wants is a clean bed to die in. His wife in her anguish hears strange sounds, and her mother gives false explanations. And in one variant the last stanza is as follows: —

— Tenez, ma mèr', voilà les clefs:
Allez-vous-en au petit né,
Vêtez-le de noir et de blanc,
Quant à moi, je reste céans.

The giving up of the keys is another great touch of Nature, which is also the greatest Art. M. Anatole France notes that there is no word of hatred in these songs, from which he infers that the French King's men did not hate his enemies. Yet we know there was never any love lost between, say, the French and the German nations.

The truth is, however, not quite as he sees it. Both La Tulipe and his enemy were soldiers, members of a profession apart, who kill one another because it is a duty, but cannot even dislike one another.

HANDEL AND HIS AMANUENSIS

BY NEWMAN FLOWER

From the *Bookman, March*
(English Literary Monthly)

The average amanuensis to genius plays but a sorry part and is forgotten, a mechanical figure with no special claim to remembrance. But John Christopher Smith, to whose three sets of transcripts of Handel's music, which he made for the master, we are indebted for considerable knowledge of Handel, was a figure apart.

His discovery by Handel was a discovery for the permanent benefit of music. Smith was then a boy of thirteen. And the discovery was an accident. In 1716 Handel was traveling on the Continent, when he chanced to meet at Anspach the boy's father of the same cognomen — John Christopher Smith. Smith the elder hailed from Handel's birthplace, Halle, in Saxony, and an old acquaintanceship was thus revived. He induced Smith to leave his family behind and come with him to London, where he made him treasurer of his performances.

Smith *père* — or Schmidt, which was his baptismal name — flourished exceedingly under Handel, and four years later he sent for his family to join him in London. Thither came his wife, a son, and two daughters. Handel conceived a keen liking for the boy because of the musical intelligence which was lying dormant in him. Young Smith was sent to Clare's Academy in Soho Square, and in his spare time Handel taught him music. The brilliance of the youth then began to appear. At the age of eighteen his proficiency was such that he had sufficient employment as a teacher to make him independent of his father, who continued to manage the Han-

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delian box-office. He changed his name from Schmidt to Smith, and became, like the genius he served, a British citizen.

In the early twenties this boy produced his first opera, and, although he occupies no outstanding place as a composer, he is a certain figure in eighteenth-century music. Not only Handel, but Pepusch taught him; so did Rosengrave. Thus did the boy become fitted for the position he was ultimately to fill.

The association of Handel and the two Smiths was intimate in the extreme. The elder Smith at this time was making the Handel transcripts. They seemed welded — the three — into a closeness of personality; and, although the younger Smith survived Handel by nearly forty years, he took to himself in his later years much of the character of Handel, saving only the same irascibility of temper.

The love of Handel for this young man was the affection of a father for a son. Smith *fils* was his son in all but blood-tie. He worked for Handel, not so much as an employee, but as a member of a family would work for its head.

All the later transcriptions of the Handel works are in the writing of Smith *fils:* a delightful, clear writing, almost copperplate in its precision. And considering that Handel, in his moods when setting down a composition, pushed his thumb across a few bars of which he did not approve, and of which the ink was still wet, and added and deleted more freely than any author or composer ever known, Smith had no easy task. But the three copies he made are to this day as good as print.

Christopher Smith's temperament seemed to become more and more mellowed to Handel's as he grew older. He became, as it were, an integral limb of the old man. And much as Handel appreciated Smith's father, the same link was missing between them. Smith the elder had something of Handel's irascibility; Smith the younger was always passive and forbearing.

The link between Handel and Smith *père* snapped violently one day at Tunbridge Wells. They had gone down there together, for what purpose is not clear. But Handel was almost blind. In the street they had a violent altercation, and without further word Smith left Handel where he was — an almost blind man in a strange town — to find his way home.

Handel, swift to the sense of hurt, declared he would never forgive Smith. When he found his way back to London, he told the son that the breach was irrevocable, and that the thousand pounds he had left his father in his will would pass to him. This was the first occasion on which the younger Smith ever reached a crisis with Handel. 'What will the world say if you set aside my father and leave this legacy to me?' he retorted.

Handel never remembered an angry word for long after it was spoken. He did alter the will, and instead of leaving Smith's father one thousand pounds he left him two thousand four hundred pounds! But it was the son's refusal to receive the sacrament with Handel until he was at peace with the world that brought this about.

It is entirely due to the younger Smith that the majority of the Handel autographs are still in England. Handel left him all his manuscripts, his harpsichord on which nearly all his music had been composed, and the portrait of him by Denner — the best of the Handel portraits, and now in the proud possession of Mr. Arthur Hill, of New Bond Street. It was Handel's wish that all his manuscripts should

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go to the University Library at Oxford, but he having named the younger Smith as the inheritor of them, the situation was difficult. So he approached Christopher Smith one day and suggested that he should leave him three thousand pounds instead of the manuscripts. But Handel did not know Smith for the ardent disciple he was. He refused the offer. Handel had promised him those manuscripts; he wanted them; they were chapters from his life. So Handel stuck to his word.

Then came the sequel. When Handel died, the King of Prussia offered Christopher Smith two thousand pounds for the manuscripts. But Smith did not intend that they should go out of England. He refused the offer, and *gave* them to the King of England. This generosity, and sense of fairness to a country and a royal dynasty that had befriended his master, are alone responsible for those manuscripts — which include the autograph of 'Messiah,' 'Jephthah,' and many other Handel treasures of unspeakable worth — being in the King's Room at the British Museum to-day.

Of the three sets of Christopher Smith's copies of the Handel works, the history is briefly told. Between twenty and thirty volumes of one set were picked up for a song at Bristol by Victor Schoelcher — the Handel biographer — and presented by him to the library at Hamburg; the second set of something over a hundred volumes is divided between the British Museum and the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; and the third set, numbering nearly two hundred volumes, is in the possession of the writer, this set having been given by Jennens, the librettist of 'Messiah' (to whom Smith gave it), to his cousin, the Earl of Aylesford, in the eighteenth century.

When Handel died, Christopher Smith became a broken man. The great life that meant so much to him was gone; the soul that was drenched in melody had fled to another sphere. His own life seemed to stop. He composed a little, but his voice was but an echo of the greater voice that had passed. The uttermost had been torn out of him. He remained a pathetic figure, with a royal pension, living on a memory.

For how could it be otherwise? There had been more than the link of an amanuensis with his employer. He could not be expected to forget that scene when, during the last years of Handel's blindness, 'Samson' was performed at the theatre. Smith was at the organ, and Handel sitting blind beside the instrument, staring with eyes that saw not into space. And then came that wonderful melody to the words: —

> Total eclipse — no sun, no moon,
> All dark amid the blaze of noon —

No wonder people wept. And probably the figure at the organ saw nothing of the still figure beside the instrument for his own tears.

When, towards the end of Christopher Smith's years, the great Commemoration of Handel was held at Westminster Abbey under the direction of Joah Bates, Smith was requested by the King to be present. The King assured him that he should be given a prominent seat. But the aged amanuensis and musician declined. Conscious of the honor, he pleaded his advanced age, and the emotion that such a celebration would involve to his feeble frame.

The King did not know, and the public never knew, that the soul of Christopher Smith died with Handel, and that he then became no more than a flower that wilts in the dark after the sun has gone.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

IN AN OLD PLACE

BY J. B. MORTON

[*New Witness*]

THERE are time-troubled roads that run to rest
Among old houses, in a silent land;
Beech-woods make twilight upon either hand,
And legendary hills climb, crest by crest,
To the far stars; the leaves whirl to and fro
Under the crumbling trees where field-mice go.

Some traveler came, and wrote about old days,
Great swords, and bright emblazonment of shields,
Remembering the people of the fields,
And that lost wonder of the forest ways —
Not hearing, like a sudden breath of pride,
The untamed wind across the countryside.

SONG

BY ELIZABETH BRIDGES

[*Sonnets from Hafiz and Other Verses*]

BEAUTY is a waving tree,
Beauty is a flower,
Beauty is a grassy lea
And a shady bower;
Beauty is the verdant spring
In our hearts awakening.

Beauty is a summer sun
Warming all the land,
Whose full bounty doth o'errun
More than our demand;
Spreadeth Beauty her kind feast
Lavishly for man and beast.

Autumn's quiet hast thou, too,
Beauty, who canst feed
Every craving, known or new,
Of the spirit's need,
Laying up a lasting store
Of ripe bliss forevermore.

O true Beauty, though joy's vain
Seasons come and go,
Thou a refuge dost remain
From all wintry woe,
Thou art still the perfect clime,
Where no transience is nor time.

THE OWL

BY ALEXANDER GRAY

[*London Mercury*]

WHEN I was young my heart inclined
To eggs and fishes, moths and stamps.
These were the loadstones of my mind,
And to my feet suceeding lamps.

But moths dissolve and stamps decay,
Fishes grow stale and eggs take wings;
And when my childhood passed away
I put away all childish things.

Now am I Mammon's through and through,
And suffer in my soul disease.
I have forgotten all I knew
Of newts and lizards, toads and bees.

Now am I lost. Long years ago
I heard the gates of Heaven slam:
Yet deep within my bones I know
All that I ever was I am.

To-night I felt the silent beat
Of owlets' wings — my blood rushed fast.
Breathless I knew beneath my feet
A little outcrop of the past.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

SINCLAIR LEWIS ON ENGLISH READERS AND AMERICAN NOVELS

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS, whose *Main Street* was being explored by most of us last year, has been complaining to 'A Vagabond Correspondent' in the *London Evening Standard* that English readers neglect the best American novels in favor of humorous tales and stories of the Wild West.

Said he to his interviewer: —

American books! Seems to me you read all the worst American books over here. What are the most popular United States novels read in England to-day? Why, most of the Wild West, cow-punching, lumber-camp sort. You think that is the only kind of novel we turn out. I can't say that the novel of American life as it really is to-day is much appreciated over here. It is n't that you are prejudiced, but you come across modes of speech, phrases, words that are not understood, and there is a tendency to dismiss the book as not real literature because it is full of American slang.

I know lots of you are tremendously interested in Russian books: the life depicted is fascinating to you. But when you come across an American book depicting rural American life, there is a disposition to treat it as though it were written in defective English. You like books with the Cockney accent reproduced; some of you get sentimental in reading books where the characters speak in the Scotch tongue.

You've got Lancashire and Somerset dialects; but I've noticed that when the average Englishman comes across a book in which Minnesota people speak the language spoken in Minnesota, you are inclined to be irritated because you don't understand.

No, I do not agree that is because English literature is universal and ours is provincial. Some of the best novels you have are provincial — Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Gaskell, Scott, Dickens. But we read your novelists because they depict life a little different from what it is with us. I sometimes think you do not read our novels for the same reason. We 've got a serious national literature, not all jester stuff and Wild-West-show adventures, as might be thought, looking at the American books I see in your bookstores.

'THE HOME LIFE OF SWINBURNE'

A WRITER in the London *Times Literary Supplement* takes Clara Watts-Dunton (Mrs. Theodore Watts-Dunton) vigorously to task for her new book, *The Home Life of Swinburne*. His review is not very bitter; rather it is mildly contemptuous. Thus: —

Not only was Swinburne himself a strange person, but very strange things were always happening to him, and they continue to happen even after his death. Thus, while alive, he was challenged by Hengist Horne to a swimming-match in the Royal Aquarium; and now this book is written about him.

In support of his bad opinion of a book which, at the very worst, must certainly give some light on the poet's daily life, he quotes two passages from it, the first descriptive of Mrs. Watts-Dunton's visit to the Holborn Restaurant with Swinburne and her husband: —

In those far-off days — so Walter had told me — a dancing-saloon stood on a part of the site now occupied by the restaurant. Had the Bard, I wondered, ever gone into the old Holborn Casino, on the site of which he now sat sober and sedate, enjoying his luncheon and drinking the pint of claret which on this occasion replaced the usual beer? I was doomed to continue wondering, for allusions to the old uses of the floor failed to draw him. His expression became like that of the Heathen Chinee, 'childlike and bland.' To him the past was gone indeed. The hectic roisterer of the sixties was gone; the grave and affable patrician of the twentieth century had taken his place.

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The critic takes equally violent exception to her account of Swinburne reading Dickens. Mrs. Watts-Dunton wrote: —

> At school I had gone through a course of elocution. I had 'taken' to it, and was reported by my instructor to show unusual aptitude. Therefore my attitude to reciters was, in a way, that of an expert. When I found that, in his rendering of Dickens, A. C. S. ruthlessly disregarded all the rules of the game as I had been taught to play it, I was first surprised, then bored, but finally — such is the influence of a remarkable person, apart from the success or failure of what he happens to be doing when one observes him — I became interested.

Upon which the critic comments cruelly: —

> We confess that in reading this book we, too, were first surprised, then bored, and finally interested. The situation, unconsciously disclosed, is so remarkable — Swinburne reading Dickens to a lady who had learned to recite at school and judged his reading by what she had learned about reciting. One would not believe it if it were in a novel, or if it were told by anyone else; in fact, one could not believe in this book at all, unless one had read it.

✽

THE 'NEW PSYCHOLOGY' AT OXFORD

THE disciples of Dr. Sigmund Freud are the last people in the world to be suspected of a sense of humor — a fact which perhaps accounts for the success of the most recent Oxford 'rag.' Formal announcement was made that the distinguished German psychologist, 'Professor Busch,' would lecture on Freud and the 'new psychology'; and by way of thoroughly baiting the hook, the advertisement added that 'Professor Busch' was the first German to lecture at Oxford since 1914.

An audience assembled — it always does when the 'new psychology' is discussed. The audience consisted of intellectuals living in Oxford, of undergraduates, even of dons; and there is a rumor, vigorously denied though it be, that two Heads of Houses were also present. The lecturer appeared, was duly introduced, and duly lectured. It was a profound lecture — profound with a more-than-Teutonic profundity; and it is even said that the part of the lecture honored by the deepest attention from the congregated 'high-brows' was that in which the German savant demonstrated that 'every effect must precede its cause.'

Since it became known that the whole affair was an admirable bit of acting by two undergraduates, the air has been thick with explanations. The most popular is that the unfortunate individuals called upon to explain their presence 'saw through it all the time.' The Roman Catholic weekly, *The Universe*, which looks with scant favor upon Freud and all his works, comments: 'Next time perhaps these people will not be in such a hurry to absorb theories merely because they do not understand them.'

✽

A FIRST BOOK BY JANE AUSTEN

AN unpublished manuscript by Jane Austen is presently to issue from the press of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The book is to be called *Love and Friendship*, and is to consist of a collection of papers written by the famous novelist when a young girl. The first of the papers is a short novel, written before *Northanger Abbey*, but marked with the quiet wit which characterized even the first of Jane Austen's literary efforts. Then follows an outline of English history, and a series of shorter studies in life and character. There is an introduction by G. K. Chesterton, and one page of the original manuscript is reproduced in facsimile.

The same firm is to publish Mr. Lytton Strachey's new book, entitled

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Books and Characters, a volume of critical estimates covering a wide range of subjects. Among the subjects treated are the Final Period of Shakespeare's Life, Voltaire, the Lives of the Poets, and the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, Racine, Rousseau, William Blake, and a number of others.

✦

'PEER GYNT' AND THE PROPHETIC SHAW

MR. BERNARD SHAW claims for himself the dignity of a major prophet; and his claim is well-nigh justified by the uncanny precision with which the performance of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, in London, fulfills a prophecy that he made in 1896. Writing in the *Saturday Review*, in November of that year, Mr. Shaw said: —

> The humiliation of the English stage is now complete. Paris, that belated capital which makes the intelligent Englishman imagine himself back in the Dublin or Edinburgh of the eighteenth century, has been beforehand with us in producing *Peer Gynt*. Within five months of its revelation in France through Comte Prozor's translation, it has been produced by a French actor-manager, who did *not* play the principal part himself, but undertook two minor ones which were not even mentioned in the programme. We have had the much more complete translation of Messrs. William and Charles Archer in our hands for four years; and we may confidently expect the first performance in 1920 or thereabouts, with much trumpeting of the novelty of the piece and the daring of the manager.

G. B. S. was only a little more than a year off the date; and if we give proper consideration to the qualifying word 'thereabouts' he may have the glory of complete accuracy. For the first public performance of *Peer Gynt* in England was given at the 'Old Vic' on March 6, 1922.

A NEW METHOD OF SCENE-SHIFTING

SVEN GADE, the Scandinavian theatrical producer, has introduced a variation among the numerous modern methods for securing speed in scene-shifting and thereby heightening theatrical illusions. In the *Theater in der Königgrätzen Strasse*, one of the most artistic theatres in Berlin, he has managed to produce no less than forty-two changes of scene within two and a half hours in his production of the *Tales of Hoffmann*. It is worth noting that with settings of the modern type he is able to change his scenes twenty times in a single act. Hitherto the fifteen changes of scene in the first act of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* have been regarded by modern producers as possible only on the Elizabethan stage.

Herr Gade's system of scene-shifting is not so complete an innovation as some critics appear to believe, but is apparently a development of the *Schleibühne*, which has long been familiar in German theatres. He covers the stage itself with a number of smaller platforms running on wheels and rails. During the performance on any one of his stages, the others are darkened, and no light at all is allowed except on that particular stage. In illuminating scenes, ordinary lighting-effects are out of the question; each separate stage has its own illumination, with the main apparatus, which consists of a system of arc lamps, in the flies. This enables the light to fall on the particular stage intended for the audience to see, while black-clothed scene-shifters are at work in the open on either side of the picture presented at the moment. Everything is invisible except the brilliantly illuminated section of the stage where the play is proceeding.

Some Berlin theatregoers complained that it was confusing to have the scenes constantly fading out and the players

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reappearing in one corner or the other of the stage for a new scene. The eyes became accustomed to one place, and the spectators found difficulty in transferring their attention to another. This handicap is said to have seriously affected the illusion produced.

❀

A LION AMONG LADIES

RESIDENTS in Kenya Colony rarely suffer from boredom, if we may credit this exciting narrative, which is communicated to the *Spectator* by a feminine correspondent: —

January 15, 1922.

We had a most exciting time just before Christmas. First, our houseboys went for each other with knives, and smashed the big carver in two, and the soup tureen, two plates, a dish, and some tumblers (tumblers cost 4*s*. each, and the smallest china-bowl 10*s*., so we are ruined). The cook, being an amiable savage, also bit a huge piece out of the houseboy's arm. We beat them both. Hardly had the yells from that subsided when up rushed one of the herds to say a lion had broken into our cattle-boma and eaten an ox. The boma is about seven minutes from the camp, where we sleep in open tents!

Next night we got over Mrs. M., a great shikari, and her manager; and the family, fortified with food and drink, bunged themselves at dusk into a little thorn-zareba built in the boma facing the kill. The nights were so dark that they could not see anything; all they did was to train their rifles on the kill and pop off when the scrunching of bones told them something was there. Terrific growlings — then silence. Our head-herd K. came leaping from behind, crying out that the lion was dead, so Mr. N. and D. (the writer's son) left the zareba; but the lion was not dead, only stunned, and jumped up and knocked Mr. N. down. D. and K. were through the thorn hedge like streaks. Mr. N., being in shorts, felt the lion slobber against his knee and shouted: 'He 's got me; for God's sake shoot!' So Mrs. M. blazed off, not knowing if she were shooting the lion or her manager. As a matter of fact, the lion was too badly hurt to attack. X. (husband of the writer) was all this time trying to light a lamp, and Mr. N. somehow got back.

Next morning they found the lion in a thicket above the camp, about five minutes away, and D. finished it off and has been given the skin. It measured 9 feet 4 inches; unluckily we are too broke to do more than get the skin tanned. I was sent to a neighbor's to sleep, to my intense annoyance; for I am not afraid, and hate snakes much worse, and am more annoyed by frogs which get into my boots, and which I scoop up off the floor with a butterfly net — a gorgeous way of catching them. I am afraid I collect and give them to the ducks.

❀

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WILD FOLK

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

"Suddenly, silently, a vast bulk heaved into view, looming high and huge and black above the saplings and against the last red streak of the darkening sky. The cubs shrank close to their mother, and she discreetly retired into the far background, as into the clearing strode an enormous black beast with a brown head and white legs, and with a long tassel of hair swinging from its throat. Seven feet high at the shoulder, and more than ten feet from tail to muzzle, the antlers of the great bull-moose measured seven feet from tip to tip. With their vast, flat palmated spread, with eight curved, sharp prongs in front, a strong man could not have carried them. Yet the moose switched them as easily as a girl might settle her hat with a toss of her head.

At the sight of the prowling blackbear, all the devilish temper of the thwarted, seeking, brooding bull broke loose. His deep-set, wicked little eyes burned red, and with a roaring bellow he whirled up his vast bulk over the bear. Ordinarily the bear would not have waited for any trouble with a bull-moose in the month of September. To-night, however, he was on his own range. Behind him watched his mate and his cubs. The moose was a stranger and a trespasser."—*From Chapter II*

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